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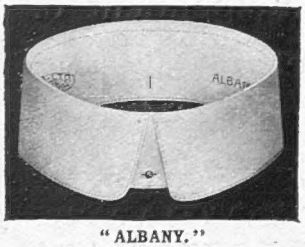

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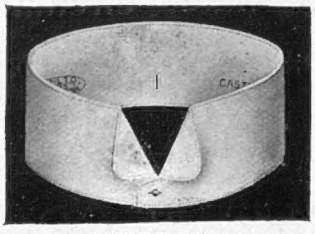

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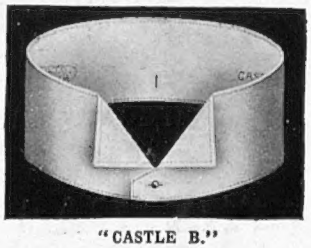

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No. 230 —Vol. XVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 29, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lafayette*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. LANGTRY (LADY DE BATHE)

She is now playing in "A Fearful Joy," with which she opened her season at the Haymarket, this being her first appearance in London since her husband succeeded to the Baronetcy. The reports regarding valuable discoveries of gold on her Californian estates have proved to be without foundation

No. 230.—Vol. XVIII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Mediterranean Winter Resorts." Vol. I.: S. Europe. By E. Reynolds Ball. (Hazell, Watson and Viney: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Isle of Maids." By M. T. Haineselin. (Lane: 6*s.*)

"Leon Burgos of Salamanca." By A. F. Calvert. (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Missioner." By C. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Indian Countryside." By Percival C. S. O'Connor. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.* net.)

"Oriental Campaigns." By Colonel E. Maude. (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Blue Lagoon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Green Room Year Book, 1908." Edited by John Parkin. (T. Seeley Clark.)

"Advanced Golf." By James Braid. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Lady in the Car." By William Le Queux. (Nash: 6*s.*)

"The Motor-Car and Its Engine." By John Batey. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net.)

"The Unfortunate Duke." By F. Wicks. (Collier: 6*s.*)

"Home Nursing and Hygiene." By F. Hufton-Windust. (Black: 6*s.*)

"*Queen* Newspaper Book of Travel, 1908." (2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Letters From Queer Street." By J. H. M. Abbott. (Black.)

"The Insurgent." By Wilkinson Sherren. (Griffiths: 6*s.*)

"The Wessex of Romance." By Wilkinson Sherren. (Griffiths: 6*s.* net.)

"A Bicycle Ride." By G. F. Turner. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Pleasant Land of France." By R. E. Prothero. (Murray: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"Rollin' Stone." By Ernest Suffling. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Great Amulet." By Mrs. Maud Diver. (Blackwood: 6*s.*)

The Miniature Library (Sisley's): 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, and 2*s.* net, according to binding. Leigh Hunt's "Coaches and Coaching"; Dickens's "Seven Poor Travellers"; Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley"; Fitzgerald's "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; Thackeray's "Notes of a Week's Holiday"; Burns's "Tam o' Shanter and Other Poems"; Mary Pendered's "My Garden"; Rousseau's "The Morals of Rousseau"; Shakespeare's "Poems, Songs, and Sonnets"; "Letters and Life of Charles Lamb." Edited by T. N. Talfourd.

"Planetary Journeys of Earthly Sketches." By George Raffalovich. (Arnold and Co.)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

Wednesday, April 29, 1908

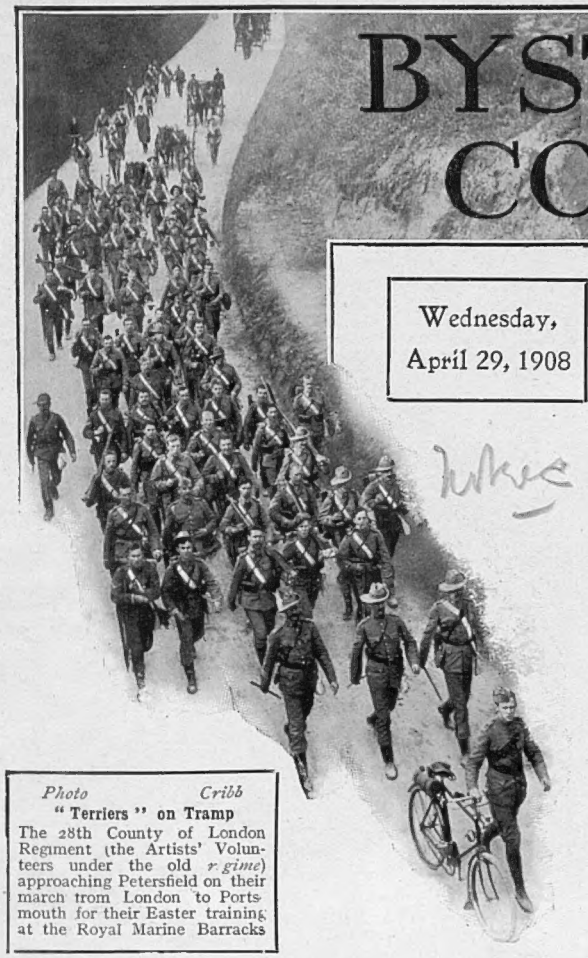


Photo Cribb
"Terriers" on Tramp
The 28th County of London Regiment (the Artists' Volunteers under the old *régime*) approaching Petersfield on their march from London to Portsmouth for their Easter training at the Royal Marine Barracks

The King

The King returns to London on Saturday, and will remain, with intervals for private visits and racing, at Buckingham Palace for the remainder of the Season, his planned cruise in the Mediterranean having been, for the present, at any rate, abandoned. His Majesty goes to Newmarket on Wednesday to witness the race for the Two Thousand Guineas at the first Spring Meeting, which it is to be hoped will be favoured with less wintry weather conditions than those which made the Craven and Household Brigade Meetings last week so extremely unpleasant, and will put up at the Jockey Club. Chester Races, in the following week, may again take his Majesty northwards, and it is hoped that he may be present on Cup Day (May 13), in which case he would be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall from Tuesday till Thursday.

* * *

The Courts

It is announced by the Lord Chamberlain that their Majesties the King and Queen will hold Courts at Buckingham Palace on Friday the 15th and Friday the 22nd May at ten o'clock, and that his Majesty the King will hold Levées at St. James's Palace on Monday, May 11, and Monday, June 1, at twelve o'clock noon.

* * *

Royal Visit to Edinburgh

A heavy programme of events is mapped out for Prince Arthur of Connaught when he goes to Edinburgh to-morrow to open the Scottish National Exhibition. His Royal Highness will be attended by Captain Wyndham, and will be the guest of Sir Robert Cranston, the millionaire draper and hotel proprietor, at Dunard House. After declaring the Exhibition open, he will hold a reception in the Picture Gallery of Holyrood Palace, inspect the Edinburgh Battalion of the Boys' Brigade, and in the evening dine with the Lord Provost in the City Chambers. Before leaving for London on Sunday morning, the Prince will be the guest of the Royal Company of Archers at dinner, and hopes also to cram into his brief stay a motor excursion to Dalmeny, Roslin Castle, and other places of interest around Edinburgh.

* * *

The Manchester Surprise

So the prophets were, for once in a while, right, and the man in the street was wrong! Mr. Joynson-Hicks's success at Manchester, despite Mr. Churchill's wondrous strategy, his magnetic personality, and his elaborate bidding for the votes of all sections and sundry, is one of the most remarkable on record. The most pregnant moral of the election is that even the Troy of Cobdenism is not impregnable, and that Manchester men can, when they feel like it, put in an opinion or two on such topics as Home Rule, Licensing, Education, and Dear Coal. Mr. Hicks's victory is so useful to his Party, and he himself, apparently, is so able a politician—on other questions than the Fiscal—that he should be sure of at least a junior appointment in Mr. Balfour's next Goverment.

* * *

A Career of Fortunate Accidents

Politically, the wondrous fact about "C.-B.'s" career is the extent to which it was favoured by accident. Accident prevented his acceptance of the vacant Speakership, in which position he might, had he chosen, have gracefully nonentified himself till death. Accident—the "cordite" vote—made him the sacrificial lamb of the Rosebery Government—and gained him a consolatory G.C.B. Accident, years later, made him Leader. Though the Liberal Party contained

(*Continued on page 216*)

Photo, Graphic Photo Union
Bikkhu Ananda Metteyya
The Buddhist monk now in England, where he hopes to make converts to Buddhism. At present the papers are making fun of him — as is the fashion with regard to religious innovators generally. His temple is in Elm Grove Road, Barnes Common. He is by birth a Scot

The Fight for the Cup

WOLVERHAMPTON WINS IN WINTRY WEATHER

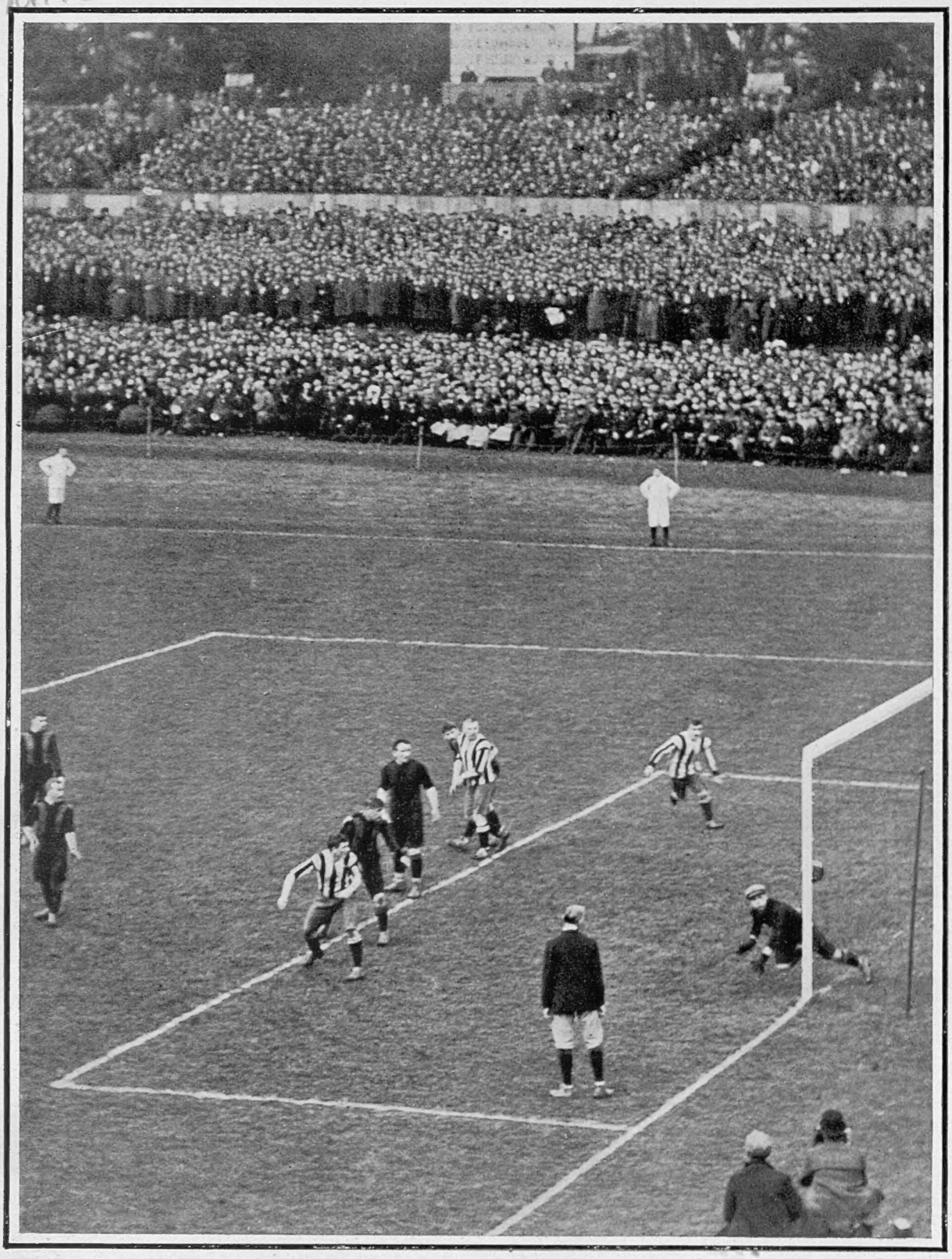


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

NEWCASTLE SCORE THEIR ONLY GOAL

Some Cup Finals have been played with the thermometer at 80° in the shade. Most Finals take place in unsatisfactory weather, but few games have been played under such depressing conditions as last Saturday's match at the Crystal Palace. But even the snow, sleet and rain, and icy wind could not quench the enthusiasm of the supporters of the two teams, who flocked into London in battalions, 75,000 being present at the match. Newcastle certainly seemed to be the favourites, but, despite their scientific game, Wolverhampton beat them by 3 goals to 1. Though Newcastle have played in three finals in four years, they have yet not been successful in winning the Cup. It is worthy of note that the Wolverhampton team really come from the town from which they take their name an exceptional feature in professional football

"A Real Brick"

"WINSTON" LOSES MANCHESTER—LIKE A SPORTSMAN

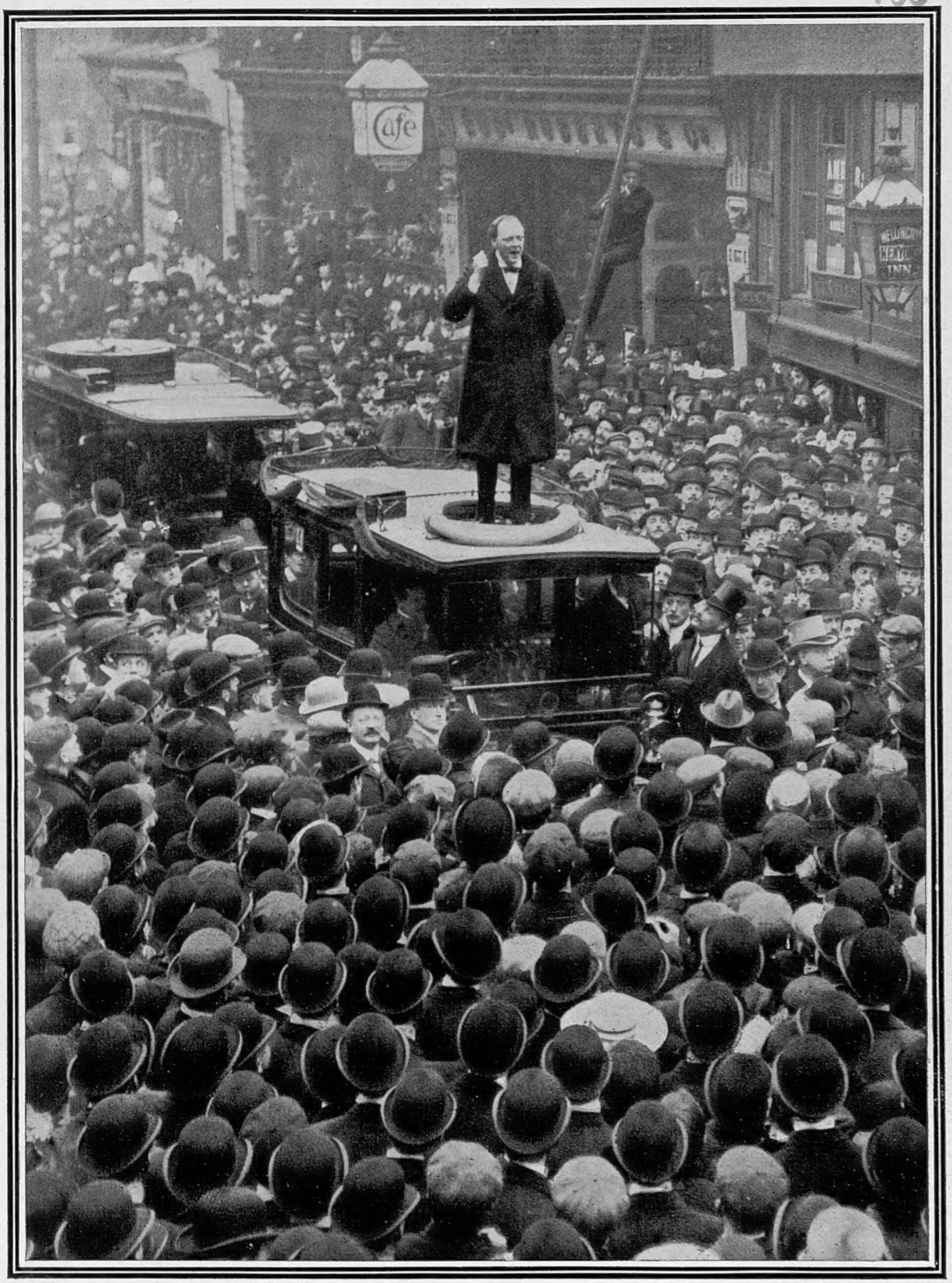


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

MR. CHURCHILL ADDRESSING HIS SUPPORTERS FROM THE TOP OF A MOTOR-CAR

The Manchester Election, though of great political significance as the defeat of a Cabinet Minister in the very citadel of Free Trade, will linger in memory rather as a truly heroic fight. The defeated candidate fought like a Trojan to hold his seat, nearly wearing himself out with oratorical exertions. When finally beaten, he behaved like a true Englishman. "You are a real brick," exclaimed the victor, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, in acknowledgment of "Winston's" graceful congratulations, and this the nation cordially endorses

The New Chancellor's Lady

numbers of his superiors in intellect and service, the choice fell upon him only because he happened to be the one person who was pronouncedly the servant of neither the right nor the left wing of the Party—the Imperialists or the Little Englanders. He lived to become the master of both—by the accident of Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal bombshell, which shattered the Tory Party, and swept the reunited Liberal squabblers into office by the most ghastly majority of history.

* * *

"C.-B." in History

It is early in the day to speculate on whether "C.-B." will enjoy a place in history, and, if so, what

Photo] Mrs. Lloyd-George [*Mills*

Wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with her younger daughter. She is still, it will be noticed, in mourning for her elder daughter, whose tragic death occurred on the morrow of her husband's brilliant success in the settlement of the railway crisis

place. He gave the nation plenty of phrases, of which "methods of barbarism" will, probably, endure longest. He cracked a number of good jokes, and he said, "*La Duma est morte! Vive la Duma!*" But I, personally, prophecy that it will be by the Army that he will be best remembered. It was he who secured the resignation of the Duke of Cambridge, and it was his Government that enacted the "Territorial" revolution, which, succeed or fail as it may, is bound to be a notable landmark in military history.

* * *

As the Poles Asunder

Although standing, in so far as their political duties are concerned, almost shoulder to shoulder, there could, perhaps, be no greater distance between two women than that which stretches socially between the wife of the new Premier and the wife of his next in rank, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. To Mrs. Asquith, born and bred socially, politically, and intellectually, in the purple—sporting, versatile, unconventional—can by no stretch of imagination be applied the adjective "domestic," though she is a devoted wife and mother and a perfect hostess. Yet "domestic"—though her income, or rather her husband's, is somewhere about £100 a week—pre-eminently describes Mrs. Lloyd-George, as it does also her colleague, Mrs. John Burns, who now has £5,000 a year to keep house on.

* * *

Cabinet Clothes—

Mrs. Asquith dresses in rather severe fashion, yet with a distinctive style that she has made her own. She has never attempted to emulate the wonderful and picturesque gowns which her sister, Lady Ribblesdale, and her beautiful niece, affect. Mrs. Lloyd-George, on the other hand, maintains the simplicity of dress and of manner which has always marked her, and has no pronounced ambition to shine as a hostess. Popular as her husband is, it must be remarked that his popularity is rather political and commercial than merely social, and that his reign at the Treasury is likely to be reformative rather than decorative—I hope in the direction of income-tax reduction!

* * *

—And Entertainments

Mrs. Lloyd-George, of course, has attended political parties given by such leading lights of the Liberal social world as Lady Beauchamp, Lady Allendale, Mrs. Gladstone, and a few others. But neither she nor her husband care at all for Society or feel at ease therein, and Mrs. George herself has not yet entertained at all, and does not wish to, at any rate in the sumptuous fashion of the day. It is, however, to Mrs. John Burns that is attributed the famous snub administered to a lady of considerably higher social stratum than herself. "Will you not come and call on me?" wrote the lady to Mrs. Burns, when her husband was made President of the Local Government Board, "Battersea is really so far from Park Lane." "I regret I am unable to call on you," replied Mrs. Burns, "Park Lane is really so far from Battersea."

* * *

The Rough Riders

Viscountess Maitland, who is taking an active part in the arrangement of the tableaux to take place

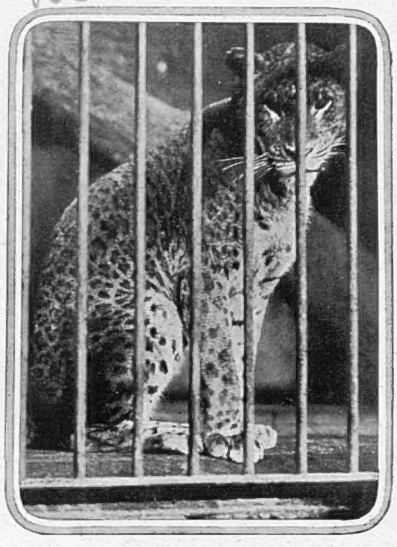
Innovations at the Zoo

to-morrow and Friday night at the Scala Theatre, is particularly keen on that form of entertainment. She has displayed her beautiful red hair and veiled herself in green chiffon and flower-wreaths quite often for deserving charities, but never before, I believe, for the benefit of her husband, Viscount Maitland's Rough Riders, who hope to buy a riding school with the proceeds of the Scala show, and who now, I suppose, belong to that mysterious and ghostly body known as the Territorial Artillery, and no longer to the Imperial Yeomanry. Lady Maitland, like her sister-in-law, Mrs. Philip Martineau, and several members of that family, is a fervent Christian Scientist. She is also a painter of miniatures, and was a Miss Vaughan-Williams.

* * *

The Portrait Academy

It becomes every day more and more the fashion to have one's portrait painted, and once again, it seems, we are to endure a Portrait Academy. Mr. Sargent's picture of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Mr. Thornycroft's bronze relief of the Prince of Wales, are Royal subjects of more than usual interest. The plaque of the Prince is a really wonderful likeness, the eyes especially being strikingly true to the original. Mr. Sargent is also probably showing the portrait of Mr. Balfour intended for last year's Academy, and Sir Hubert von Herkomer is sending a colossal canvas containing the portraits of all the Council of the Royal Academy. Mr. Frank Dicksee's large full-length oil of the Marchioness Camden bids fair to prove the most talked-of portrait of the year, and the Hon. John Collier, whose story-picture is entitled "Sentence of Death," and shows two men—doctor and patient—together in a consulting room, is also sending a portrait of the handsome Mr. Maurice Hewlett



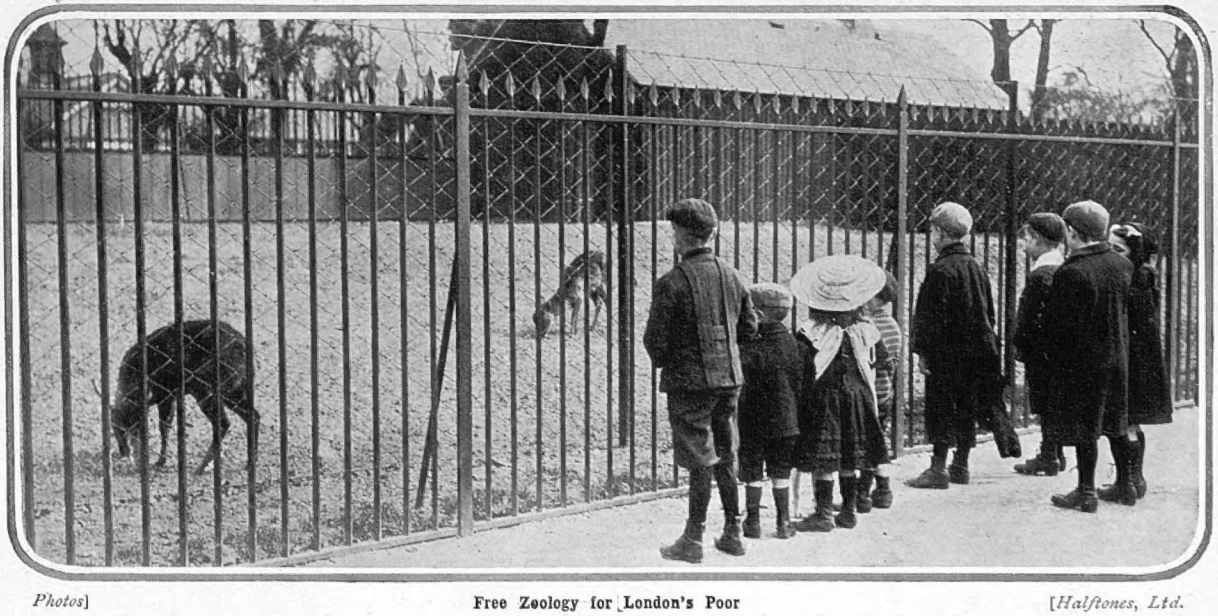
A Strange Arrival at the Zoo

This curious animal, which is now on view at the Zoo, has been puzzling naturalists. It is said to be a sort of hybrid—a cross between the leopard and the lioness

* * *

Some of the Exhibits

Mr. Seymour Lucas, in addition to a subject-picture entitled "Silenced," depicting an incident at the Court of Catherine de Medici, sends portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, of Mrs. Drummond Murray, and Sir Francis Laking, and his wife sends a picture of a small crossing-sweeper, entitled "Small and of No Importance." Mr. Briton Riviere has painted the Countess of Sefton, Mr. Hugh Riviere, Sir John Hare (for presentation to the Garrick Club) and Dr. Mary Scharlieb, while Mr. Solomon J. Solomon sends a group of Mrs. Alfred Mond and her children, and Mr. H. A. Pegram a fine study in bronze of Harry Vardon at the top of his swing. Mr. Alfred East sends an "Entrance to the Bull Ring, Algeciras," not quite in the usual style, and from St. Ives, Mr. Arnesby Brown sends two pictures of cows on a Cornish moor, one with a wonderful effect of slanting, reflected sunlight. Mr. Frampton has a portrait of Mr. Alfred Sutro, to which the dramatist's eye-glasses give rather a peculiar effect, and Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Frank Calderon provide welcome relief with two subject-pictures, entitled respectively "Iseult" (from Hewlett's 'Forest Lovers,') and "How Five Queens found Sir Lancelot Sleeping."



Photos] **Free Zoology for London's Poor** *[Halftones, Ltd.*

Animals have now been placed in the pens newly erected in Regent's Park, on the ground which was granted by the Government to the authorities of the Zoological Gardens, for a nominal payment, on condition that a free show should always be provided for the benefit of children and other visitors to the Park

"A Pantomime Rehearsal" AT Peterborough

A performance in aid of the Northants Nursing Association of *A Pantomime Rehearsal* was given at the Theatre Royal, Peterborough, on Thursday and Friday last, under the management of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, wife of Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam, the well-known Master of the Fitzwilliam Hounds, at Milton. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam took part in the show, as Jack Deedes and Lady Muriel respectively, while others who figured commendably in the cast were Lady Violet Brassey, Mr. A. Weigall, Miss Vernon Ford, Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam, Jun., Miss Mary Wickham, and Mr. A. Fitch Kemp. Despite the horrible weather, there were large attendances on both nights

BY NORMAN MORROW

Royal Interest in Home Affairs

A Picture Paris

Paris just now is a howling wilderness of pictures. In the Champs Elysées, at the National Salon des Arts, and at the Salon des Artistes Français, some three acres of canvas—about fifteen thousand pictures—are on view, and for the tourist, critic, and connoisseur alike these be hard times. It has been calculated somewhere, by one of those weird souls who think out these things, that the total length of all these pictures, without frames, would be nearly ten miles. Also that, reckoning one minute to look at every canvas, and without taking rest by day or night, one might see every picture in the two Salons in ten days and ten hours. In this direction Paris assuredly wins. We have nothing over here, as a yearly occurrence in the torture line, to compare with it.

* * *

The Prince at the Salon

A very premature private view of the Salon was accorded to the Prince and Princess of Wales when they were in Paris. M. Roll, this year's President, took them round, and in their train followed such artistic celebrities as M. Rodin, M. Blanche, and M. Boldini, the fashionable portrait-painter, whose subjects, mostly of the Parisian - American variety, seem to grow pictorially longer, more flowing, and more obviously of the "*haute chic*" as the little painter himself grows broader and more rotund. The Heir-Apparent, carefully arrayed in the frock-coat he mostly affects, was, as always, sedate in the extreme. It was remarked that he avoided with deliberation all those pictures too daringly—well—French in conception, taking greatest pleasure, apparently, in those dealing with religious or rural subjects.

Photo *West*

Prince Edward's New Yacht, "Corisande"

Which his father, the Prince of Wales, has just purchased from the Rev. C. Prodgers. Prince Edward will cruise about the Solent in her during the Osborne Summer term. Built in 1872, she is a ketch-rigged boat of 160 tons register. Originally a yawl, she was altered to her present rig in 1906, and proved very successful as a handicap racer. She was at one time owned by the Duke of Leeds

* * *

The "Opposition Court"

Like his Princess, but unlike his august father, the Prince of Wales pays a compliment, or gives a word

Photo *Sport and General*

Lord Roberts The Prince of Wales Viscount Crichton The Princess of Wales Prince Edward Princess Mary

ROYAL INTEREST IN HOME AFFAIRS

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Edward and Princess Mary, at the Army Cup Final Football Match at Aldershot, between the 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps and the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers

Celebrities Afloat and Astride

of congratulation, with an obvious difficulty that solves itself in brevity. So entirely at variance, indeed, are the tastes and habits of the King and his son that a parallel might almost be drawn between the present state of affairs at Court and that which existed in the dying days of the Court of George II. There were then two distinct Courts at St. James's—the King's, which was merry as the night was long, and the Prince of Wales's, or "Opposition Court," which was of a solemnity so solemn that it made itself incontinently scarce whenever the Court proper (or Improper, as the irreverent dubbed it) appeared on the scene.

* * *

The Prince as Yachtsman

In one respect, however, the Prince of Wales has lately emulated his father, the King. His purchase of the yawl *Corisande* qualifies him for ordinary membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and it is probable that at the general meeting on May 14 his Royal Highness will be elected to that select assembly, to which neither blood, nor money, nor "friends at Court" are passports. The yacht has been acquired chiefly for the edification of Prince Edward and his brother. The Prince of Wales himself is not particularly keen on yachting, and the Princess is particularly averse to the pastime.

* * *

The Importance of Being Germany

The Prince of Wales's forthcoming visit to Quebec, and the King's present diplomatic sojourn in the North and rumoured visit to the Tsar are, it is said, stirring up once again in Berlin resentment that never since he came to the Throne has King Edward found time or occasion to visit his nephew in Berlin, or to consider Germany other than as a way to the Bad. Germany, naturally, thinks herself at least as important, if not more so, than France, Spain, Italy, Sweden, or Norway, and it is by no means outside the bounds of possibility that the Kaiser's recent determined attitude on the subject of the ambassadorial importance of Berlin was in part assumed for the instruction of errant England — to emphasise the fact that Germany has no mind to be neglected.

Photo *Weiss*

Viceroy and Humorist: A Nautical Study in Black and White

Earl Grey and Mark Twain on the way to see the reefs (sea gardens) of the "lone Bermudas," which his Excellency has lately been visiting on official business. Mark Twain was, on his return voyage, the victim of a bad fall, caused by the breaking over him of a giant wave

Photo *Topical Agency*

Prince von Buelow in Berlin

The Chancellor riding in the Thiergarten with his military attendant, Hauptmann von Schwartzkoppen. This is the most recent photograph of the Prince, whose movements between Rome and Vienna have lately been the cause of keen diplomatic curiosity

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Ambassadorial Butterflies

Washington, on the vexed question of the incomes, expenditures, and deportment of its Ambassadors has really been very funny of late. In Congress, during the recent discussion of the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, one democratic legislator forcibly declared that Mr. Ridgely Carter, the well-known Secretary of the London Embassy, reminded him of nothing so much as the White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland." "As one sees him scurrying through the drawing-rooms of London one can imagine him muttering to himself, 'Oh, the Duchess; oh, the Duchess; oh, my Furs and Whiskers; I shall be late.'" Mr. White, now Ambassador in Paris, was condemned for abandoning the "very hall-mark of American diplomacy," the plain frock-coat, and appearing at functions in "frills," *i.e.*, in full Court dress, velvet knee-breeches, gold lace, gold-hilted sword, and all; and yet another Congressman saw no reason why Mr. Whitelaw Reid in England should rent a house in Park Lane out of all proportion to his Ambassadorial income. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, of course, for he

Reviving the Good Old Days

MR. ALFRED VANDERBILT COACHES ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD

Mr. Vanderbilt driving, accompanied by Mr. Chas. Wilson

Photos] **The "Meteor" Passing Along Piccadilly on its First Journey to Brighton** *[Sport and General*

Wednesday last saw the first trip of Mr. Vanderbilt on his coach "Meteor" from London to Brighton. This was in the nature of an experimental run, and it will not be till May that he will institute a regular service. Sixty horses have been brought over to England for this purpose, eight changes being made during the course of the journey. There is a particular fascination in coaching absent from the more modern modes of progression, and there is every hope that Mr. Vanderbilt's venture will lead to other four-in-hand enthusiasts following in his wheel-tracks on one of our other main roads

Photos

Mr. Lionel Faudel-Phillips

Son of Sir George Faudel-Phillips, one time Lord Mayor

Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.

Miss Armyne Gordon

Niece of the Marquis of Huntly

MARRIED ON APRIL 28, AT ST. PETER'S EATON SQUARE

Marriages of the Moment

Opera Box-Holders

The Princess Royal and Duke of Fife have their usual box next to the Queen's. They attend regularly, but can only, apparently, stand grand opera in very small doses, for they never arrive before ten, sometimes considerably later. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild have their accustomed stage-boxes on either side of the house, and Lady de Grey, for every night in the week, has her box next the stage on the grand tier. The Duchesses of Leeds and Westminster will be in their usual places, and box-holders of the plutocratic world include Lady Northcliffe, Mr. Eckstein, Mrs. Gant, wife of the well-known Turf accountant, Mrs. Glasgow, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Vagliano, and many others.

* * *

wants to go to Berlin himself one day, stood gamely up for costly Embassies and the "dinner-table or dietetic diplomatist," but all with one accord agreed that it was impossible to accuse Mr. Bryce of exaggerating the importance of social functions.

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The Season of 1908

With the opening of Covent Garden Opera to-morrow night, and with weddings at the rate of a round half-dozen or more a day, the season begins this week. To-day and to-morrow there is some interesting ladies' golf at Ranelagh, where on Monday polo commences; and this week, too, that always interesting function, the Private View of the Royal Academy, brings many people back to London. At the Opera there will be a gala night for the French President next month, and with Mmes. Melba, Tetrazzini, and Maria Gay all singing right through the season, a whole series of "Melba nights" may be expected. The King, as usual, has subscribed for the omnibus box beneath the big Royal box, and the Queen, for her friends and suite, rents the small box adjoining. In accordance with yearly growing custom, the American and Hebraic element predominates in the subscription list. More than half the boxes seem rented by wealthy foreigners, the English "nobility and gentry" being found either in the stalls or most unfashionably "skied."

Photo *Mayall*

Mr. E. S. Ward

Son of Sir Edward and Lady Ward

TO BE MARRIED AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL TO-DAY, APRIL 29

Photo *Canadian Studio*

Miss Lois Jefferson

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson of 12, Berkeley Square

April Weddings

Yesterday Miss Armyne Gordon, niece of Lady Lonsdale and the Marquis of Huntly, was married to Mr. Lionel Faudel-Phillips, son of the Jubilee Lord Mayor of London, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and on Monday Miss Ethel D'Arcy, daughter of the Australian Mrs. D'Arcy, whose entertainments on her private stand are a feature of each Epsom meeting, including the Derby week, was married to Lieut. Philpott, R.N. To-day, at the Guards' Chapel, Miss Löis Jefferson, whose parents also are noted for their magnificent entertainments, and Mr. E. S. Ward, of the

Photos Lafayette

Lieut. Hugh Barrington Worsley **Miss M. E. J. Rashleigh**

TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY

The Dublin Season

Photo *Lafayette*

LADY EDENA CONYNGHAM

One of the most popular and charming figures in Dublin Society. She is the sister of the largest landowner in Ireland, the Marquis Conyngham, who is also the owner of some of the finest family jewels in Great Britain, some pieces of which at one time formed part of the Hanoverian Crown jewels. She is a great-great-grand-daughter of Mrs. Fitzherbert

Honouring Notable Huntsmen

Grenadier Guards, are to be married, and to-morrow, at the same place, Miss Nesta FitzGerald, only daughter of the Knight of Kerry, is to be quietly married to Lord Richard Wellesley, son of the Duke of Wellington. To-morrow, too, Miss Whiteley, daughter of the chief Liberal Whip, is to be married to Mr. Stanley Jamieson.

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—And Affairs Matrimonial

So many marriages and now some engagements. The daughter of that very popular host and hostess, Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper, is engaged to Mr. Henry Streatfeild, son of Colonel and Lady Florence Streatfeild, and the engagement of Lady Nunburnholme to a member of the Cabinet will, it is rumoured, very shortly be announced. The echo of a recent matrimonial difficulty comes from the Isle of Man, where Mr. A. G. Curphey, lately to the fore as co-respondent in the Vivian divorce suit, has sold his Ballymoar estate to a Flemish merchant for £42,000. The estate comprises over a thousand acres, and is one of the finest in the Isle of Man, and the departure of Mr. Curphey is regarded with regret in Manxland, where both he and Lady Vivian are well known. By the way, in this connection yet another *cause célèbre* is threatened, the "Co" in this case being a very wealthy widow.

Photo *Webster*

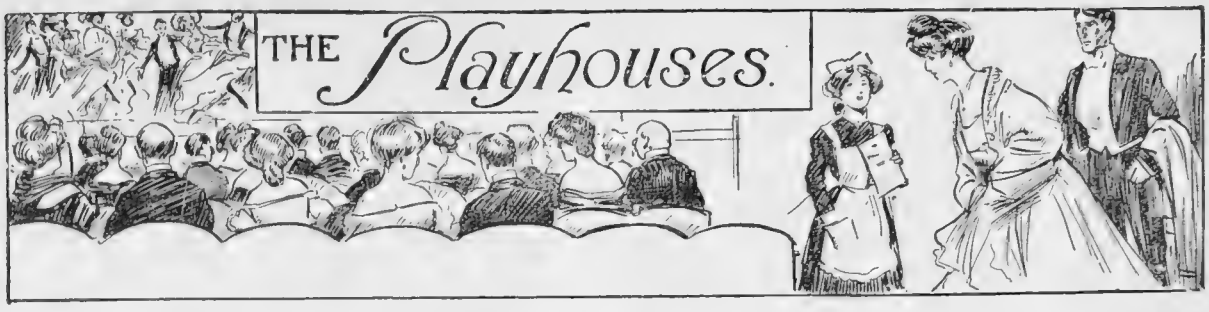
The Presentation to Tom Smith, the well-known Huntsman of the Bramham Moor Hounds, at Wetherby Town Hall

The Conyngham Jewels

As befits the great-great-grand-daughter of the redoubtable Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Edena Conyngham, the fourth of the Marquis Conyngham's pretty sisters, is a very charming and welcome addition to Dublin Society. Her mother, Lady Conyngham, is the wife of Mr. Jack Cameron, of the Irish Constabulary, son of that Mr. Allan Cameron, of Mount Plunkett, Co. Roscommon, who has been married, if I am not mistaken, no fewer than four times, the last attempt being of comparatively recent date. The Marquis Conyngham is, perhaps, the largest landowner in Ireland. He certainly owns some of the finest family jewels in Great Britain. The huge diamond crown, and parure tipped with the huge pear-shaped Conyngham pearls, at one time formed part of the Hanoverian Crown jewels. The wife of the first Marquis found great favour in the eyes of King George IV. and he lavished his jewels upon her. Shortly before his death, £30,000 in stock was sold out of his name and disappeared. The Duke of Wellington, one of the King's executors, declared that he was never able to find it, and it was popularly supposed to have gone to pay Lady Conyngham's debts.

Photo] **A Jubilee M.F.H. : The Presentation to Lord Portman** *[Pottle*

In commemoration of the fiftieth season of Lord Portman's Mastership of the Portman Hunt, the members thereof have recently presented three beautiful silver cups to the Master, together with a Russia leather album, which contained the names of 541 subscribers. The presentation was made in the large drawing-room of Lord Portman's lovely Dorset home, and for the auspicious occasion every member of the Hunt, owners and tenants of land in North and East Dorset, together with many from the towns and villages who follow on foot, assembled to do honour to the veteran Master. Lord Portman, who succeeded his father as Master of the Hunt, was born in 1829



THE HAYMARKET

"A Fearful Joy"

We welcome the reappearance of Mrs. Langtry in our midst, but we cannot say that we welcome the play, *A Fearful Joy*, with which she has opened her season at the Haymarket. The piece suffers from exactly the same complaint as its predecessor at the same theatre, *Her Father*. Neither of them could stand expatriation. They are both French, and their nationality is too firmly stamped upon them to allow of their being adapted for English uses. Firstly, of course, there is the Censor to be remembered, and Mr. Sydney Grundy, the adaptor, has been eminently successful in satisfying both this gentleman and also his own notorious namesake. Necessarily, however, the play, as a play, must suffer. But this is the least of the evils—it is by no means an unmitigated one—which MM. Labiche and Goudinet's play has undergone. The root of the difficulty is that the characters and environment are all so essentially French that, try as you may, it is impossible—anyhow, the adaptor has found it impossible—to convince an English audience that they in any way represent the doings of English men and women in Knightsbridge, even remembering that the piece is frankly a farce of the style of a quarter of a century gone.

The story is the old one of a *ménage à trois* and its consequent complications, caused by a blackmailing valet and a French maid. So far as their parts will allow them, all the chief characters adapt themselves nobly to the crude or hackneyed situations with which they are faced, and even the neurotic and flighty Mrs. Arundel in Mrs. Langtry's deft and experienced hands seems an almost real character. Mr. Bourchier is more in his element as a bluff husband, but a shiver goes down one's spine when he rhapsodises over his approaching birthday. It's so English, isn't it? With the difficult part of the *tertium quid*, Mr. Allan Aynesworth wrestles to the best of his ability, and, so far as the part will allow him, he is successful. Mr. Edmund Maurice and Miss Marcelle Chevalier call for mention as the bold, bad valet and the French maid respectively. They did what they could!

Enough of these insipid adaptations! If we cannot have the real thing, then, for heaven's sake, let us drop them altogether. Surely many of the productions of the Great Unacted must have something more dramatic, and, at the same time, nearer to life in them than these Anglo-French adaptations, to which we have recently been treated. H. P

ADELPHI THEATRE

"The College Widow"

Described as an "American Comedy Satire of Life in the State of Indiana," Mr. Ade's *The College Widow* was produced here on Easter Monday. The story, such as it is, hinges upon the fierce football rivalry existing between two colleges, Atwater and Bingham. The President of Atwater College is visited by an old school friend, Hiram Bolton, and his son Billy, who is on his way to Bingham College. Now, Billy is a fine half-back, and it is a good half-back that Atwater so sorely need in their forthcoming match with Bingham, and the students determine that he shall play for them. So one of their number induces the "College Widow," the pretty daughter of their President, to use her wiles to persuade Billy to play for Atwater. She succeeds, with the result that the match is won for

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Ellen Terry and her husband in Tudor Drama at Stratford

Miss Ellen Terry and her husband, Mr. James Carew, are now playing in Miss Gladys Unger's new romantic play, *Henry of Lancaster*, at the Borough Theatre, Stratford

Atwater, and, in addition, the "College Widow" and Billy find themselves hopelessly in love with one another. The term "College Widow," one learns from the programme, means "the belle of a town in which a college is located." And this is not the only expression that needs explaining, for a running fire of, for the most part, unintelligible slang is kept up throughout the piece, necessitating frequent glances at the programme for enlightenment. I fear that the play, like many another American success that has come over to us, will not create such a furore here as it did on the other side. The humour is not always understood by us, and, if understood, not of a kind that greatly appeals to the average Londoner. Also, the satire is lost upon those who have never been to Indiana, and there learnt something of the ways of the inhabitants. The acting, however, is excellent throughout. Miss Gertrude Quinlan is a clever character-actress, and as the waitress, Flora Wiggins, is irresistibly droll. Miss Frances Ring is pretty and winsome as the "College Widow," while Messrs. Frederick Burton, Thomas Delmar, John A. Butler, and Miss Lida McMillan all do good work.

THE HIPPODROME

The Volcano, Mr. Parker's new "Hippodrama," is, indeed, a thrilling and sensational entertainment, and bears out the management's proud boast that it excels anything hitherto attempted at the Hippodrome. The scene is laid in Mexico, and shows us the El Chaco Diamond Mine, where a strike is in progress. Dick Hilton, the overseer of the mine, has in his keeping a valuable diamond, which the strikers are eager to possess. Before going for assistance, Hilton entrusts this stone to the mine-owner's daughter, Dorothy, who hides it in her hair. But the strikers, determined to discover the hiding-place of the diamond, seize the mine-owner and begin to roast him alive. To save her father's life Dorothy flings down the stone. A miner called Crazy Jim captures the diamond, and rides with it into the mouth of the volcano. Then the mountain belches forth fire and lava. The effect is terribly realistic, and the whole spectacle is most wonderfully carried out. The cast engaged is a strong one. Mr. Frank Cooper is seen in the rôle of Dick Hilton, Miss Ethel Warwick (Mrs. Edmund Waller) is a charming Dorothy, and Mr. Arthur Chesney is excellent as Crazy Jim. Other turns are "The Human Top," those clever cyclists "The Proveanies," Everhart, the skilful exponent of hoop rolling, and many others.

"Stand Not Upon the Order of Your Going, but Go!"

One of the touches of Transatlantic humour in *Way Down East*, the American play produced last week at the Aldwych Theatre

Miscellanea

The ever-fragrant *Scarlet Pimpernel* is again blooming at the New Theatre, and, needless to say, is still received with great enthusiasm. Mr. Fred Terry will find it, as he has already found it, a difficult matter to get a play to equal this old favourite, and we may certainly expect, therefore, that this is by no means the last we shall see of "that demmed elusive Pimpernel." Miss Julia Neilson is still much missed from her part of Lady Blakeney, but the place is most ably filled by Miss Miriam Lewes. Mr. Horace Hodges also still shines in his role of the villain Chauvelin.

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Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's very successful play, *Lady Frederick*, migrated from the Garrick to the Criterion on Monday. This makes the third theatre in which it has been played, the comedy having been originally produced at the Court.

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That charming young American actress, Miss Marie Doro has written a musical play, which Mr. Frohman will produce in America next season. Miss Doro will be remembered in London for her Clarice in the play of that name, when she was over here with Mr. William Gillette at the Duke of York's, and later on for her rendering of the part of Alice Faulkner in the revival of *Sherlock Holmes* at the same theatre.

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May 12 has been fixed for Miss Ada Reeve's production, at the Apollo, of *Butterflies*, a musical version of Mr. W. J. Locke's "Palace of Puck." Miss Reeve will be supported by a strong cast, which will include Mr. Hayden Coffin.

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The Thief will be played at the St. James's Theatre for the last time on May 5.

R. M.

Mrs. Langtry's Season at the Haymarket

SOME CHARACTER STUDIES FROM "A FEARFUL JOY"

BY R. G. MATTHEWS, THE WELL-KNOWN IMPRESSIONIST ARTIST

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Coming Kaiser

Little Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany

The Late Count Tornielli

The late Italian Ambassador in Paris, Count Tornielli, could never have been called a genius, but he possessed in a very high degree what was infinitely more precious in an Ambassador — tact. During the many years he lived in Paris, he had many very difficult corners to turn. Tact saved where genius would have ruined him.

The Italian Embassy in Paris has none of the attractive appearance of the Italian Embassy in London — it is not even on the street. An insignificant gate and a comparatively narrow passage lead up to a sort of country house among gardens, and it is in this retirement that Count Tornielli passed one of the most active lives of any Ambassador in Paris. He had the reputation of a gadabout—so ready and eager was he to attend every function, public and private, to which he was invited. No Ambassador will be more missed. He determined to know France and to make Italy known in France, but he did not get all the credit due to him for the *rapprochement* of France and Italy. In his privacy the Count kept voluminous notes of everything he saw, and no doubt his "Memoirs" will, without touching on great questions of State, contain much of deep interest to those who have watched the development of recent events in France. He was essentially a man behind the scenes, a listener rather than a talker, and was as tall and thin as his wife was short and stout.

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"The Man Who Never Smiled"

Closely associated with him for many years was his nephew-in-law, the Marquis de Calboli, a descendant of one of the characters mentioned in the Inferno. This scion of a noble house is the most "modern" of Parisians. A very quick and clever writer, his articles on the social life of the working-classes in France are among the most valuable records on the subject. A short time ago, he was promoted to a higher diplomatic post, but the years he

Photo *Lafayette*

The Late Count Tornielli's Successor in Paris

The Marquis de San Giuliano, formerly Italian Ambassador in London

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Funeral of Count Tornielli, the late Italian Ambassador in Paris: The Cortege Passing the Place de la Bastille

By the death of Count Tornielli, one of the most attractive figures of the Corps Diplomatiques in Paris disappeared. A man of infinite tact, rather than a man of genius, he did much to draw France and Italy closer together, and his loss will be greatly felt. The extent of the admiration felt for him by Parisians is proved by the enormous crowds present at the funeral

passed in the close intimacy of Count Tornielli would surely single him out as the man to edit his uncle's "Memoirs." Count Tornielli was the chief Italian delegate at the Hague. He worked hard, went everywhere, and was known as "the man who never smiled." At the Hague, too, he was the listener rather than the speaker, and managed to hear the opinions of others, only rarely giving his own. He never sat down at a reception, and generally managed to retire into a corner. Everybody noticed his remarkable forehead, heaped up in a bulb on the top of his grave, grey head. It attracted the caricaturists, especially Italians, who never omitted to place him among the celebrities in their comic papers. Ambassadors like Count Tornielli are not often seen nowadays.

continue in French. Unlike Count Tornielli, the Marquis de San Giuliano is a self-made man, and by sheer determination has forced his way to a high place in the State. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs before coming to London. Of average stature, inclined to stoutness, a brilliant conversationalist, and a gentleman in manner and thought, the Marquis will be welcomed wherever he goes.

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His Successor in England

It has been rumoured that the Marquis de San Giuliano asked to go to Paris himself. He wishes to see something of the French, and the very fact of his being a self-made man will make him very popular with the French, or perhaps he is like the well-known Frenchman who came over to study England, and who, after a month's residence in our midst, started his preface. After a year he got half through his first chapter, and after ten years' persistent effort gave the task up as hopeless. The Marquis may have found us a puzzle beyond solution, or he may have found us out too much. If he does leave us, his successor will possibly be Signor Fusinato, who was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was one of the Italian delegates at the Hague. It was he who negotiated the two treaties of arbitration with Argentina and Chili, and was able in many respects to break the monotony of the dull latter days of the Conference. He is a bright, wiry, nervous little man, who has been for some time professor of an Italian University, and who has, for many years, been one of the most active politicians at Rome. He has not the charm of the Marquis de San Giuliano, but in other ways will be a very worthy successor.

Photo *Kalka*

Where the King and Queen are Staying: Looking Down the Vestebrogade, Copenhagen

Copenhagen, which, last week, honoured the King and Queen with a hearty if, climatically speaking, a chilly reception, is a jolly little capital, notable for its clean streets and "cosy" appearance. The street above shown is that into which the visitor plants his foot on emerging from the railway station, and a fine one it is too

The Marquis de San Giuliano

The Marquis de San Giuliano has been suggested as Count Tornielli's successor in Paris, but possibly the appointment will only be a temporary one. No more popular Italian Ambassador was ever sent to the Court of St. James's. Like Count Tornielli in Paris, he has made a point of knowing the English, and of making Italy known in England. He is not only the president of the Dante Society, but delivers a number of the lectures himself. During the holidays he accepts house-party invitations, and, being a bachelor, is in very great demand. He has not lost one hour he could dispose of in the task he set himself of understanding a people he admires. His English is excellent and has that literary quality one would expect from a man of his high literary attainments. In spite of this, however, he never cares to make a speech in English, and if he starts in English, generally asks to be allowed to

The Launch of "Shamrock IV."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S YACHT. WHICH MAY PROVE THE FASTEST AFLOAT

Photo] **Launching of "Shamrock IV." by the Sinking of the Pontoon on which she was Built** *[Illustrations Bureau*

This method of launching by means of sinking the pontoon is a unique one, but has been rendered a *sine quâ non* in dealing with yachts of modern construction

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Fyfe, the Designer of the Yacht

Looking over the side of the pontoon before the launch. He fell off some time ago, and was badly hurt

Photo *Hamilton*

Captain Sycamore

Who raced *Shamrock II.*, and will steer the new yacht

Photo] **After the Launch** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Tired of the one-sided and unreal game of challenging for the America Cup with boats which are not yachts at all, but mere sailing machines, Sir Thomas Lipton has now turned his attention to the legitimate sport. *Shamrock IV.* is built to race in the 23-metre class under the International rating rule, and is a beautiful specimen of the modern first-class racer. It would be premature to describe her as the fastest yacht afloat; but it may safely be said that she will prove a worthy opponent of Mr. Myles Kennedy's *White Heather*, the crack cutter of 1907

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

The symbol of Irish "tranquillity." A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary

NO. VII.—THE PLIGHT OF THE LOYALIST

We publish below the seventh of a series of articles the object of which is to lay bare the real facts of the situation in Ireland, where a vast and well-organised conspiracy is at work not only for the overthrow of British rule but for the introduction of a state of Anarchy and Socialism. Previous articles have dealt with the leading personalities of the movement, the United Irish League, the Congested Districts Board, the Priest in Politics, and the Condition of the Peasantry.

AN IMPORTANT SECTION

The forces at work on behalf of the Great Irish Conspiracy are essentially destructive. A lack of constructive power, of the capacity to employ their resources productively, and to concentrate their qualities upon the right and useful end, would seem to be the most noteworthy as well as the most disastrous failing of the people of Ireland. And the conspirators are of the people, and work through the people. But there remains a section of the population, and no inconsiderable section either, which refuses allegiance to the tyranny of the self-elected mob-rulers of Ireland, which will have no part or lot in the campaign of disloyalty and outrage, and which lives the life of the decent, honourable citizen as it is lived in other countries which are free from the incubus of the subsidised politician and the political priest. When the eighty-three gentlemen who misrepresent Ireland in the House of Commons under the name of Nationalists profess to speak on behalf of the nation, they omit to mention the fact that more than a third of the population of Ireland are Unionists, and that this important body includes the best that the country can show of intellect, birth, and wealth. It cannot be too clearly emphasised that the widespread conspiracy now being engineered in Ireland is one of the masses against the classes, of ignorance against education, of idleness and consequent poverty against industry and prosperity. It is just because of his merits that we hear comparatively little of the loyalist Irishman. He leaves the shouting and the disturbance to the shiftless peasant and to the worthless demagogue who eggs the peasant on, and, with the priest, draws profit from his misery.

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS

A number of the loyalists are to be found scattered over various quarters of the country, where they form an exiguous minority, very much at the mercy of the members of the United Irish League and other disloyal organisations. But the great stronghold of loyalty is in certain counties of Ulster, where more than three hundred years ago we planted a colony of Englishmen and Scotsmen. At the present day the population of this nucleus of loyalty totals nearly a million, or close upon a quarter of the entire population of the country. And it centres within its comparatively restricted borders most of the progress and prosperity that Ireland can boast. Since the Union with Great Britain, Ulster has made a continuous advance, and has given to the rest of the country an example of how industries, pursued with steadiness and perseverance, may, in Ireland as elsewhere, be brought to a high pitch of success. A comparison of the progress of three cities since the Union gives some interesting and instructive figures. Belfast, which is in Ulster, had, at the time of the Union in 1800, a population of 19,000. This had by 1861 increased to 121,000, and by 1901 to 348,000, while the rateable value was, in 1861, £297,000 and £1,192,000 forty years later. The shipping of Belfast also shows a very great increase. Cork, on the other hand, with a far better harbour, has lost much of her shipping, while her population, which was 80,000 in 1861, had fallen in 1901 to 75,000, with a rateable value of only £152,000. Similarly, Waterford, which also possesses an excellent harbour, has only 87,000 inhabitants against 164,000 half a century ago.

HOSTILE FEELINGS

The loyalists have shown, for a long period of years, a wonderful determination to stick to their guns, and have remained united in spite of efforts to spread dissension in their ranks. They have had a good deal to put up with, and the circumstances they have had to face have sometimes been most discouraging. But, so far, they have not yielded to the attack upon their rights and liberties. Of the strength of the feeling that has been engendered there is no question. The Orangemen and the Nationalists may mix in business, may even work side by side in apparently perfect harmony. But at certain times, on days of festivity and celebration, the antipathy breaks out, and when it does it is no kid glove affair, for conflicts between the rank and file of the two parties are of all too frequent occurrence. And the Orangeman feels just as keenly on his side as the Nationalist on his. One might naturally be inclined to think that the loyalist, having remained faithful in the midst of treason, industrious in the midst of idleness, quiet in the midst of clamour, would have reaped his reward of special appreciation and favour from the British Government. But nothing of the kind has befallen him. He has found himself, rather, in the position of the good, obedient son who gets very little attention, while the prodigal, loafing about among the husks and swine, is assiduously coaxed and plied with choice veal and other dainties. The agitators of the Nationalist party have been given only too much ground for their belief in the value of noise and intimidation as a means for getting what they want from "the accursed Saxon."

MISTAKEN KINDNESS

It sounds a little paradoxical, but probably the time when the loyalists of Ireland have suffered from the deepest despair has been during the period of office of a Conservative Administration. From the Liberals they know what kind of weak-kneed pandering to the raucous pseudo-patriot is to be expected. But from their own side they have expected much; and they have received nothing. The Conservatives' coquetting with Devolution, and their fatuous dream of "killing Home Rule with kindness," was a grave injustice to the loyalist party as well as a proof of utter misconception of the situation. If you grant the Irish agitator an inch, he will think you are afraid of him, and promptly take an ell—when your back is turned. Sternness is a very necessary prelude to kindness in dealing with a nature which, under present conditions, can only be described as cowardly. And every concession made to the organisers of the Great Irish Conspiracy will be but one step nearer to the attainment of its disastrous aims—disastrous most immediately and directly to the loyalist, who is on the spot and gets all the knocks. The work of the loyalists in keeping a firm front through all these years has been of the greatest importance and value, if only in that it has kept before the eyes of the British Government the fact that there are two sides to the Irish Question, and has thus acted as a check to the peril of our legislators allowing themselves to be shouted, bullied, and cajoled into giving over complete control to the politician and the priest. Even as it is, many waverers in the Southern counties have lost faith in the power of the English law to protect them, and have yielded in the end to the tyrannical pressure of the United Irish League.

THE CONSPIRATORS' OBJECTIVE

It is the loyalists who are the special objective of the leaders of the Great Irish Conspiracy, whose aim is to remove, or render helpless, every person of standing in the country, whether English or Irish, in order to establish a bastard form of Socialism, in which these same leaders would wield the real power. This Jacobin campaign is carried on mainly through a vast network of organisations, covering the whole country, and all working, under various guises, for the same ultimate end of Separation and Socialism. It is not a little significant that the most secret, powerful, and dangerous of these societies, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, has, during the past two or three years, shown a startlingly rapid extension in the North and North-West—just in the very region where the hated loyalists are quartered. The attempts of the conspirators to create a division in the ranks of loyalty have failed, and, should their plans come to a head, they have in the forces of this Order a well-organised army encircling the territory of those whose extinction is a condition of their success.

A SINISTER SOCIETY

The methods of the United Irish League, primarily agrarian in its scope, we have already described. Its ramifications are vast; its policy is one of intimidation and outrage. But the menace of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, more silent and subterranean, is also more sinister and alarming. The Order claims descent from "The Defenders," a body formed in the seventeenth century to combat British rule in Ireland, and especially the "Protestant plantation" in Ulster. Its adherents have figured under various names—Rapparees, Whiteboys, Molly Maguires, Ribbonmen, and the like. But the objects of all these societies have been the same, and their criminal record is deeply stained with outrage and murder. So black is this history that, until some three years ago, the Order was under the ban of the Catholic Church in Ireland. But, for their own purposes, the priests have now not only removed the ban, but given the Order their very strongest support and co-operation. This step was decided on at a conference of the hierarchy, at which Cardinal Logue, the official head of the Church in Ireland, presided, and the priests have now taken the direction of the Order largely into their hands. Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., the most powerful politician in Ireland, is its president; Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, the most powerful cleric, is its patron and pledged supporter. In Scotland, it may be noted, where the Order has some 12,000 members, it is still under the ban of the Church—an anomaly which attaches yet further suspicion to the circumstances of its rehabilitation in Ireland.

SECRET FORMALITIES

According to the official journal of the "Board of Erin," which controls the Irish section, the Order "was established for the protection of God's priests, to promote the temporal welfare of Catholics, and for the deliverance of Ireland from the heel of the oppressor." Its members—unlike those of the United Irish League—must be Catholics. The initiated must take a solemn oath of secrecy as to its doings, and secret signs and passwords are employed. The lodges of the Order are most active in the promotion of all forms of agitation, and at meetings in support of the conspirators in the Northern counties its contingents are prominent with bands and banners. The total membership of the Order is about 400,000. To the dangerous nature and work of the Order, as a weapon of the Conspiracy, there is abundant testimony. The late Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P., said three years ago that it was "perhaps the most powerful pro-Celtic organisation in the world." Its national secretary described it, in August, 1906, as "the one supreme movement" in Ireland. In a speech a couple of months later, Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Nationalist Party, said that "there was, behind the men who were conducting the constitutional movement on the floor of the House of Commons, a great unknown power waiting for an opportunity which might arise to have recourse, if necessary, to other methods to advance the cause of Ireland." That "unknown power" was the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

"A GRAVE PUBLIC DANGER"

Most striking of all are the words of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., who wrote in his paper, the "Irish People," on June 22 of last year:

> "The sinister part played by the Ancient Order of Hibernians overshadowed all other questions in importance. Mr. Devlin is the head of this secret organisation .... and the dangerous power which has thus been placed in his hands, and the unscrupulous manner in which he is prepared to exercise it, must now be apparent to everyone. . . . . There is no check upon its operations; no light is let in upon its proceedings; its affairs are conducted in privacy and darkness. Mr. Devlin has only to pull the strings and his will must be obeyed. Honest, well-meaning Nationalists, who would cut off their right hands rather than do an unworthy act, and who joined the Order in the belief that they would advance a sacred cause, have simply constituted themselves Mr. Devlin's tools and instruments, have surrendered their judgment into his hands, and have no option but to do as they are bidden. Our public life was never confronted with a graver danger than the existence of such a state of things."

"Our Order was founded to fight English ascendency," said the official journal last autumn, and at the same time we find its Provincial Director for Ulster urging the members of the Order to continue their policy "until the last vestige of British Government is removed from the four shores of this country." The removal of British rule cannot be attained without the removal of its adherents, and the menace to the loyalists of Ulster is plain and unmistakable.

EXCLUSION FROM COUNCILS

Meanwhile, pending the complete extinction which the conspirators hope to make the lot of the loyalists, they carry on a campaign of oppression against them through the agency of their numerous organisations, which has had a remarkable and regrettable degree of success. Since the passing of the Local Government Act of 1898, loyalists have been virtually excluded from the various local councils of the country, except in certain counties of Ulster, viz., Antrim, Down, Armagh, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone. In 1900, out of 1,075 members of the councils, only 271 were Unionists, and if the Ulster counties be omitted the total is reduced to 131. For the councils elected in 1906, which are now in office, the figures are even more striking. Out of a total of 951 members, there were but 134 Unionists—omitting Ulster, only 23 Unionists. There are fourteen counties which have not a single Unionist on any County Council, and in eight more there is only one in each. In the whole of Munster and Connaught there are only four Unionist representatives. This treatment of loyalists is emphasised by the manner in which disloyalty is regarded as a qualification for election to the councils. A certain James Ward, for instance, of Castlebar, Co. Mayo, was sent to prison for circulating seditious literature urging men not to enlist in the British Army. While he is still in prison we find the Ballina Board of Guardians passing a resolution to urge that he shall be co-opted to the Mayo County Council.

THE POLICY OF PERSECUTION

In various other ways, too, the campaign against the loyalist is carried on in a most determined and wholesale manner. Every endeavour is made to exclude them from the land, and pressure is brought to bear upon the Estates Commissioners (through the United Irish League) to prevent them from accepting any tenants under the 1903 Land Act who have not been members of the League for at least a year. At a League meeting at Carlanstown in December last, the chairman said "they did not want the lands to be taken by English settlers, Scotch planters, or even by men from the North of Ireland." A loyalist newspaper, the "Westmeath Guardian," tendered for the advertising of the Mullingar Lunatic Asylum Board. It had been agreed that the lowest tender should be accepted, but, nevertheless, their offer was rejected, and that of the Nationalist paper, the "Westmeath Examiner," was accepted at double the rate. The guardians of Belmullett, Co. Mayo, meet to choose a public analyst, and it is agreed that a Catholic and Nationalist shall be chosen, although "Orangemen tender at half the amount."

DENOUNCED AS ENEMIES

The general attitude is illustrated by the fact that when one Catholic prelate, Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, ventured in a speech to say that he was loyal to King Edward, he immediately brought upon himself a storm of protest from Nationalist M.P.'s and newspapers. "There are no genuine loyalists in Ireland," said the "Kilkenny People." "Honest Irishmen are loyal to Ireland only." And, according to the Catholic Bishop of Ossory, the loyalists are "a handful of bigots within the land, but who do not belong to us, who have no right, except the right of conquest and plantation, to be in the country at all." It is not a question of religion, as is shown by the words of the "Northern Star," a Nationalist paper, which describes Irish Catholic Unionists as "traitors to Ireland as bad as Arnold in American history. . . . . Catholic Unionists are enemies of Ireland, and are, as they deserve, dealt with accordingly by the Irish people." There would be some excuse for the loyalists if they were occasionally somewhat depressed, not merely by the anti-loyal campaign of the conspirators, but by the degree of countenance which it apparently receives from the British Government. The toast of the King's health is banned by the Nationalists as "a party toast." To many people there might seem to be an ominous echo of this verbiage in Mr. Birrell's recent description of the Union Jack as "a political emblem."

After the Sambhur

ELK HUNTING IN CEYLON: SNAPSHOTS OF A DAY'S SPORT

1.

2.

For Dear Life!
Stag swimming, with pack in pursuit

3.

4.

Among those sports which give variety and zest to the life of the tea-planter in Ceylon, elk hunting must claim a foremost place. From December till the end of Spring it gives many a day of healthful enjoyment. Our illustrations show incidents in the last hunt of the season. The party, including some ladies not less keen than the men, had gathered from their several bungalows to the Hoxton Plains, 7,000 feet above the sea, the highest and best hunting-ground in Ceylon. The start was made at six o'clock from the rest-house, where the night had been passed, the Master leading, with his pack close to heel and the dog boys, followed by the field. The hounds are well trained to their work, picking up the scent and working out the line, and at length they put up a good stag, a noble creature with antlers measuring a spread of 20 inches, one who could give a good run. And a good run he gave, presently coming to bay in deep water.

1. Waiting for a Stag to Break

2. The Party at Rest

3. The Kill

4. Hounds and a Dead Stag

IN SEARCH OF THE SUN: LAKE C

Photo

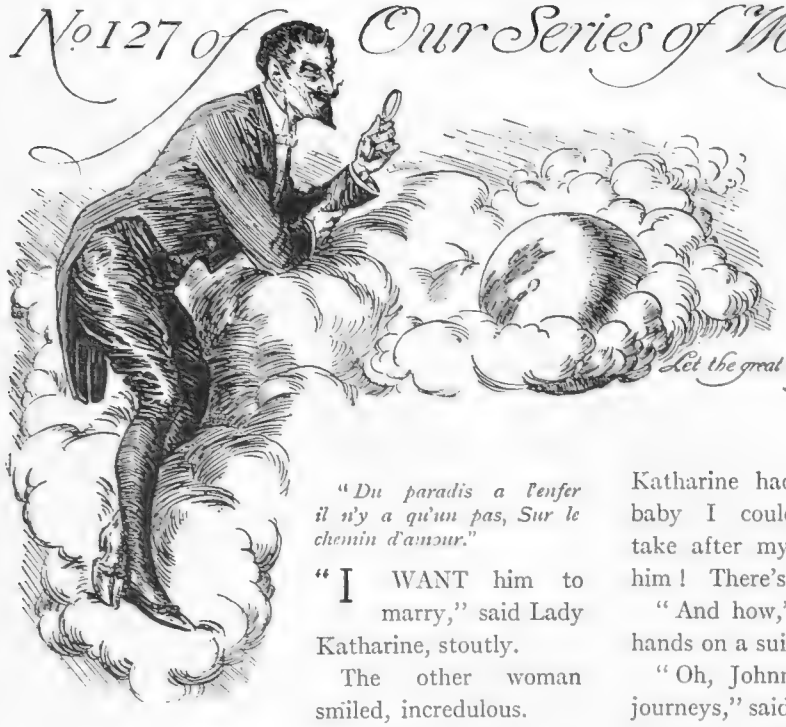
At the moment, when the usual outcry is heard all over the land against the climatic crimes of the English Spring, the thoughts turn pathetically towards warmer climes. The Lake of Como is one of the Italian lakes most favoured

COMO FOR CLIMATE AND SCENERY

Ballance

by the social tourist. Situated 663 feet above sea level, it is 30 miles long by 2⅓ miles broad, has the most glorious scenery, a salubrious climate, and its banks are studded, as the above photograph shows, with numerous noble villas

No. 127 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Woman

By R. RAMSAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"Du paradis a l'enfer il n'y a qu'un pas, Sur le chemin d'amour."

"I WANT him to marry," said Lady Katharine, stoutly.

The other woman smiled, incredulous.

"Treason," she said, "from the worshipping mother of an adoring son." Lady Katharine laid a smoothing hand on her knee. Matrimonial afflictions had soured the poor cousin, who sat drinking in the peace of this house with scoffing admiration.

"Not with the girl I'd choose for him," said she. Before her eyes danced the young image of a thing like a snowdrop, too pure and sweet and enchanting for anybody but her boy to pluck.

"You and Johnny are the most ridiculous couple," said her cousin. "Do you ever do anything apart? As I came down I quite expected to see the two of you sitting on the roadside in spectacles tapping stones."

The widow of that famous Professor Blaker, whose work in geology was being carried on by his scarcely less famous son, laughed outright.

"It's not as bad as that," she said. "But I'm thankful I can go on working with my boy as I did with his father. It would have broken my heart if Johnny had devoted himself to strange tastes I couldn't share."

"I hope his wife will be a taste in common," said the shipwrecked cousin. "Blanche Tranter's Juliet has come home from her French convent—a shy little thing, like a pansy. I should advise you to catch her young."

But Johnny's mother flung up her hands.

"Oh," she cried. "How can you? You know what they're like, the Tranters! She comes of a bad stock."

"So do you, Pharisee."

"I know," admitted Lady Katharine, with an apologetic twinkle towards Peggy, who had been cast by marriage into the scampish family that Lady Katharine had disowned. "When my boy was a baby I couldn't sleep for dreading he might take after my side. But I was too anxious, bless him! There's nothing in Johnny but his father."

"And how," said Peggy, "do you propose to lay hands on a suitable paragon?"

"Oh, Johnny and I will find her on one of our journeys," said Lady Katharine, confidently. "Some day we'll stumble on a pearl."

Blaker himself came down into the garden, tall, and not too offensively intellectual, with a springing step.

"Do you mistake yourself for a daffodil or a tulip?" he exclaimed, "flaunting out in the East winds like this? I want you, mammy. I've a great theory about those volcanic strata. I expect we'll have to pull up our tent-pegs and go and see."

Lady Katharine tucked her arm in her son's and marched, as gaily as she could have accompanied him to any wild, unknown desert, into the house.

That afternoon Blanche Tranter came over and brought the Woman.

"My friend, Mrs. Hankey," she said off-hand, in the midst of the sham kisses that proclaimed that she too was a cousin, and had a claim on her hostess's toleration. Looking over her fluffy head, Lady Katharine was smitten with inexplicable terror. The woman was no younger than she, but her dress was a travesty of girlishness, and her ravaged cheeks were disguised with paint. She might be a beauty, about her might hang an unholy fascination that would appeal to a man. There she sat, reeking of violets, rolling her horrible blacked eyes as if watching for a prey.

"How do you like her?" said Blanche, later, making an opportunity to whisper before skipping down the steps and diving into the carriage after that disappearing ankle. Her giggle betrayed her design in coming. She herself was possibly indiscreet and silly, but her giddy personality could neither inspire nor feel, though she could mischievously anticipate, shuddering disgust. Lady Katharine burst into unguarded speech.

"How dare you bring that horrible woman here?" she gasped. "I'd never hold up my head again if

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(All rights strictly reserved)

A Heroine of "Hippodrama"

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS ETHEL WARWICK, NOW APPEARING IN "THE VOLCANO" AT THE HIPPODROME

Miss Ethel Warwick is the wife of Mr. Edmund Waller, and daughter-in-law of Mr. Lewis Waller. She was originally an art student, but appeared for the first time at His Majesty's in 1900. She afterwards toured with Mr. F. R. Benson and Mrs. Lewis Waller, and played in "Mauricette" at the Lyric with Mr. H. B. Irving. "The Volcano," the Easter "Hippodrama," of which she is the heroine, is a realistic production, which, as its grand finale, shows the horrors and excitements of an eruption

(Continued from page 236)

my son had come in and found a creature like that in his mother's house!"

Blanche's departing chuckle was malicious; she would enjoy retailing this to its object. It had been her plan that Johnny should marry Juliet, and he would have drifted into it easily if his anxious mother had not set her face against that alliance. Johnny was a dear, but he had not yet run up against an emotion big enough to make him break out of his leading strings. It was a nuisance to be hampered with a kind little ignorant thing like Juliet—a child who was not clever enough to take care of herself—and Katharine stood between that rudderless bark and the safe harbour of Johnny Blaker, like a sentinel with a flaming sword. Blanche's anger was not altogether selfish; she had twinges. She liked punishing Katharine.

So it was Blanche who actually introduced Johnny to the Woman.

They had all—friends, enemies, and acquaintances—been bidden to stare at some unfortunate Royalties entertained by a magnate on the other side of the county, and Johnny had been parted from his mother by the crowd. Lady Katharine's restlessness had enlightened Blanche, who had gleefully noticed that he and her own girl were making for the garden, Juliet clinging to his arm and gazing upwards in a way that few of the vainer sex can withstand. She saw them wander back later out of the murmuring night and the starlight, and saw Lady Katharine's plunge to separate the two. Pure spite made her seize on the rescued Johnny, and walk him away in the track of Circe.

Lady Katharine, having achieved her object, relaxed into positive kindness towards the girl, who was looking at her with awe and a trembling lip, until all at once the faces between seemed to grow dim and hazy, fading before the figure of a woman whose tarnished shine was hideousness to her, and who was exercising her wiles on an invisible victim. Lady Katharine turned away her head.

"Dreadful!" she said. "How can the woman's husband allow her to behave like that?"

Blanche Tranter was back, indulging in her uncharitable giggle.

"Which?" she said. "The one who divorced her, or the other? She's answerable to no man. She is a widow."

Lady Katharine caught at the other's arm; she felt weak, assailed by unreasonable panic. An awful premonition had come to her.

"Tell Johnny I want to go home. I think I am ill," she said.

"Yes, drag him away," said Blanche. "Drag him quickly; since you're so terrified of any of us corrupting your precious son."

But Lady Katharine was rooted to the spot, horror-stricken; and it was the despised Juliet's hand she was clutching at for support. For she saw now that it was Johnny the Woman was luring into her web.

"He might do worse than condescend to my poor little girl," muttered Blanche.

. . . . . .

All the same, it was the disapproving dread of Blanche's girl—this other thing being only a passing nightmare—that lent relief to the shock with which one day Lady Katharine heard her distinguished son, stammering, transfigured, announcing that he had found an Angel. Her first impulse was to thank Heaven that he was safe.

"And who is this angel?" she said, eager to clasp some unspotted rosebud ungrudgingly in her arms, till the rapturous lover told her.

She remained a moment fixed in the blankness of stupefaction. The very greatness of the disaster had struck her dumb.

"But, Johnny," she got out at last, piteously, "isn't she—she's been divorced—she's—— Oh, if only I'd let you have Blanche's daughter!"

He laughed at her.

"Juliet's a dear little thing," he said, "and I'm awfully fond of her; always was. If you had liked her, mammy—and if I'd never seen my poor injured darling! But she knocked me over like a ninepin. I don't care, mammy, if the whole world shouted lies at me; she's an angel!"

And nothing could shake his infatuation.

His mother showed her pluck in the face of catastrophe by staying at her post. The woman triumphed, and took possession, but could not turn her out. For one thing, the place was hers, and most of the income; for another, she clung too desperately to her son.

But the house was no longer a house of peace. An alien atmosphere profaned it, extravagance rioted up and down, and a look approaching closer and closer to the recklessness of despair all too quickly wiped out of Johnny's eyes his first glory of blinding joy.

. . . . . .

"I'm growing a wicked woman," said Lady Katharine. She was sitting in the great wide study that had been for three years deserted; three whole years of misery and domestic war. "Do you know, Peggy, there are times I could murder her."

Her cousin nodded. Shrill laughter was pealing in at the windows. Among her familiars without, Florence was exciting shrieks of ungodly mirth.

"I see," she said, "you shrink from her as if she were a serpent—and I didn't know two women could exist in the same house and so hate each other. She's making a ruin of your lives—all the worse that Johnny found out his mistake so soon."

"I've lost hold of him," said Lady Katharine, bitterly. "He goes dragging on in her train, drowning his wretchedness in God knows what foolishness—he does not come to me."

"It's a pity you did not let him marry Juliet," said Peggy, significantly. She was wondering how to whisper something that she—and she hoped only she, for Johnny's wife lived in too much of a whirl—had noticed, wondering if Lady Katharine guessed to whom

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Springtide in London's Eden

Photo *Lady Glover*

A WOODED SLOPE ON THE SURREY HILLS, NEAR DORKING

Where, soon, Spring foliage will be seen in fairy-like radiance

(Continued from page 238)

Johnny had gone for comfort, and if it would be kinder to warn her or keep silent.

"Ah, that little thing," said Johnny's mother without suspicion. "I was a brute to her; but she looks happy, *dreadfully* happy—there must be somebody else; she couldn't have cared for Johnny."

Her remorseful quiver decided Peggy not to meddle.

"Poor Katharine," she said, involuntarily. "The men of your family always went to the dogs."

Her heart smote her at the effect of her words. Hastily she cast round for consolation.

"Perhaps," she said, "there'll be—others."

Johnny's mother laughed suddenly, hysterically, seeing a tragically ludicrous side to the kind suggestion.

"Are you promising me grandchildren?" she cried. "I ask no miracles!"

Immediately the sun was blotted out by an apparition, inarticulate with furious vanity, her darkened eyes burning under the tossing frills of her childish muslin hat. For a minute, the two who hated each other held their breath, face to face, and then Florence stamped and went.

. . . . .

"Oh, drop it! What on earth did you marry me for?" said Blaker hoarsely. There was a haggardness in his face, some trouble worse than the lashing of her unbridled tongue. The woman looked at him strangely.

"Your mother," she said, "would say—because I am a vampire, and thirsted for your blood."

He had changed since his marriage, lost the steady look of which poor Lady Katharine had been proud. You could see in him now a hot-headedness, a passion that would carry him too far. There was strength behind that could fight it and pull him up—but often not in time. Still, he was a dear. Florence's hard voice was a little shaken as she glanced at him. He stood with his back to her.

"If you had gone on worshipping," she said, "I would have been good to you."

She saw his involuntary movement of repulsion, and flung herself back in her chair laughing.

"I'll explain," she said, "since you ask me. I wasn't young, but I was incurably romantic. I said to myself—here's the last man I shall dazzle. I'll keep him. And so I carried you off your feet. They used to call me Circe. I took you and made a man of you."

"What sort of a man?" said Johnny. "I've always understood that Circe had the art of turning men into swine."

What was the matter with him? Her eyes narrowed. In his tone was loathing, but it was loathing of himself.

"Ah," she said. "Professor! Have you been finding out that other stars are tinsel? I know I am all that's bad. I'm old and jaded and wicked, stripped of my glamour. I think I've seen you repenting you didn't stick to that little fool. And have you discovered that she, too, snatches at the apples above her reach? The woman you take refuge in; whom you think so simple?"

He turned round suddenly, gripping her by the wrists.

"I'll kill you if you blacken that child!" he said.

Panting slightly, the woman released herself, her jealous fancies unaccountably extinguished. It was not likely! He was too like his mother, his hated, prim, righteous mother!

"Since you believe in her like that," she said, darkly, "I'm sorry for you. You are not the man."

"Look here," said Blaker; "I'm going away. I can't stand this life. That's what I came up to tell you. I'll go mad if I cannot get out of this."

"I thought you had something on your mind," said Florence. He must have heard the rumour about that unlucky Juliet—and it had shaken him, horrified him. A pity she was too frightened of him in this mood to drive her triumph home. "Do you want me to go with you?"

"No," he said, roughly; "I want to get to the uttermost ends of the earth."

He went down to his mother, and her heart leapt and sank. What had the woman done to him now?

"Johnny," she said, "don't look so—unlike your father."

He bent over her, stroking her hand with a restless movement as he used to do when he had got into a scrape as a boy. But he made no confidences.

"This world is dust and ashes, mammy," he said. "Dust and ashes. And so—and so I'll go and investigate those volcanic strata."

. . . . . .

Blaker went alone, but his wife also took her departure. As she said, there was no earthly reason why she should stay in a hole and be mortally dull without him to fight over. She would go abroad and make a pilgrimage for her health. And the pilgrimage lasted for many months.

Occasionally she wrote letters to Lady Katharine, who received them with astonished disdain, and put them in the fire, treating the news they flaunted as a transparent fiction. Did the woman think she could be imposed upon? She was not convinced by a scrawl from Johnny, that reached her tardily, crossing deserts, mentioning with a subdued but pathetic eagerness what he had heard from Florence; rather it stirred her to a hotter indignation. In the heat of it she was confronted by the stupendous intelligence that Florence had got a son.

Lady Katharine was obstinately fixed in her unbelief. The woman had certainly gone abroad on purpose to hatch this plot. It was an impudent fraud. That she should dare to buy, borrow, or steal a baby and palm it off on them! She deserved to be sent to prison. But this lie—this imposture—was bringing Johnny home.

They came back together, husband and wife, for Florence had joined him at Marseilles, and in their train a French nurse and a laced and beribboned bundle.

(Continued on page 242

From all Five Continents

Europe : On the Edge of the Crater of Vesuvius
Photographed by Cadet J. A Kemp, R.N., H.M.S. *Cumberland*

Asia : "On the Road to Mandalay"
A quiet read in a Burmese sampan on the Rangoon River, "on the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play." Sent by Miss E. M. Goldsmith, 40, Avenue Maurice, Brussels

In the Antipodes : Educating the Maori
A group of Maori school children in their native village of Whakarawareway, Rotoma, North Island, New Zealand, enjoying the pictures in The Bystander Sent by Mrs. Cohn, 3, Aberdeen Court, Maida Vale, W.

Africa : In the Orange River Colony
The reader on the left is the Hon. Mrs. A. N. C. Hill, and the photograph was taken by her husband, the half-brother of Viscount Hill. Sent by Mrs. Bell, 3, Cambridge Road, Bromley, Kent

America : The Indian Problem in Canada
The agitation respecting the restriction of Indian immigration into Canada, and especially British Columbia, which recently led to serious disturbances, gives especial interest to this photograph of two Sikh readers, who work in an orchard on the Coldstream, near Vernon, B.C. Sent by Mrs. A. Wilmot, Box 148, Coldstream Valley, Vernon, British Columbia

(*Continued from page 240*)

Lady Katharine could not bring herself to look in its direction. She hid her face on her boy's shoulder, and only lifted it, pale with scorn, when the abhorred voice addressed her in an exulting key.

"Aren't you dying to behold your grandson?"

Florence, masking herself more violently than ever in an imitation of girlishness, smiled triumphantly at the antagonist she had tricked.

"I have no wish to see him," said Lady Katharine.

"Why, mammy!" said her son.

His hurt look stabbed her. Would he think her mad if she burst out with her accusation? She choked, controlling herself, shutting her mouth hard.

"How unnatural," said Florence.

Later on her ruthless glee in the situation pursued Lady Katharine upstairs as she tried to sweep haughtily past the open door of the nursery, Johnny's old paradise, that had, to gratify his ignorant pride—poor Johnny!—and at his desire, been made ready for the impostor. All day she had been deaf to the little cries and noises overhead, but now, hesitating, she crossed the threshold. Downstairs they heard unmistakable sounds of capitulation.

"I'm glad she has taken to the kid after all," said Blaker, to whom this gift of the gods was a tremendous comfort in the bitterness of his lot, a wonder that had brought him back to civilisation and touched his wife with a faint reflection of her broken charm. She glanced at him with unconcealed derision.

"She probably thinks he has got your nose," she said.

. . . . .

It was extraordinary to the onlookers that Florence made no attempt to interfere with Lady Katharine's devotion to the baby. She who was accustomed to tyrannise, she who was jealousy incarnate, was in that quarter incapable of affront. The sight of Lady Katharine rocking the precious bundle in her arms, and making herself a slave to him, seemed to afford her exquisite gratification.

"I can't make it out," said the cousin Peggy, who had slid into the post of confidant in that unhappy household. "In other ways she is a perfect devil. But she lets you and baby worship each other like a philosopher. Why isn't she frantically jealous of her—achievement?"

"I don't know," said Lady Katharine, "but I am thankful. Lie still, my treasure, lie still while I pull on your little sock."

"I wonder," said Peggy sharply, "you don't hate him for his mother."

"So do I," said Lady Katharine, frankly. "Look at him, kicking at the stars!"

"She likes to see you with him; it amuses her," puzzled Peggy. "Why should she gloat over you as if she was a beast of a poacher and you were in a trap?"

"I daresay," said Lady Katharine, "she feels she had trampled me underfoot."

"No, it's not that," said Peggy. "She has got some villainy in her head!"

. . . . .

Lady Katharine had gone with the baby to the seaside, when a telegram came to her, briefly saying that Florence had had a motor accident and was dying. She hurried back, taking him with her—for, of course, the boy must be brought to his mother—and ashamed of her first, human thought.

The woman lay in one of the rooms downstairs, into which they had carried her, broken to pieces.

It was Blaker's study, the walls lined with his books, the big desk that had been his father's pushed out of sight, and a bed occupying strangely the middle of the floor. And on it Florence was stretched immovable in the pillows, her mouth twisted in an implacable smile. She was going to die, and Johnny and his mother would build up their ruins; they would be rid of her. She who had given them the baby! How this mother-in-law who hated her would exult over her at last! Ah, but she was not quite impotent to hurt.

"I have brought the boy to you," said his grandmother in a whisper. Blaker, who stood in the room, white and quiet, stirred.

The woman's pale lips parted in a faint, relentless laugh that took too much breath. She had only time to divulge the hoarded jest, to strike her last blow in the one long struggle at the enemy who fancied she had won.

"I cheated you," she said. "It was all a lie. I picked up the brat abroad."

She listened in vain for a flattering cry of horror. Lady Katharine was gazing at her with shocked compassion.

"You poor woman," she said, "you don't know what you are saying."

And the minutes were going fast.

"I'm saying—baby's not mine nor Johnny's," said the weak, but triumphant voice. "I did it because you insulted me—I did it to humble you in the dust."

"The poor thing is wandering in her mind," said Lady Katharine mildly.

"I swear to you——" repeated Florence.

"Hush, hush, my dear," said Lady Katharine, stooping to her—never before had she used a caressing word—"I want to beg your pardon for my suspicions. I did you an injustice. And you guessed? You brooded? Oh, but since baby came to this house I have never had a doubt."

Her soothing speech had an opposite effect on Florence. Both had forgotten the silent man.

"I'll give you proofs," she panted. "I—I bought him—*bought* him, do you hear—from a peasant woman. I pretended not to know the secret—*I*, who had watched and waited. Oh, it's no respectable cheat you've been fondling! That little minx, Juliet—that was why she was packed abroad."

The outraged grandmother scarcely heard the wild words flung at her. She had moved into the light, and with majesty was rolling up her sleeve.

"Hush!" she said. "Listen to me, you unhappy creature, and repent your wickedness in denying your own child because you cannot bear to leave him to us. The day you brought baby home I would not acknowledge him—I was an unbelieving monster—but afterwards I saw them undressing him, and I found a sign on his little arm like this. Look at it. So I knew at once that his father is my son."

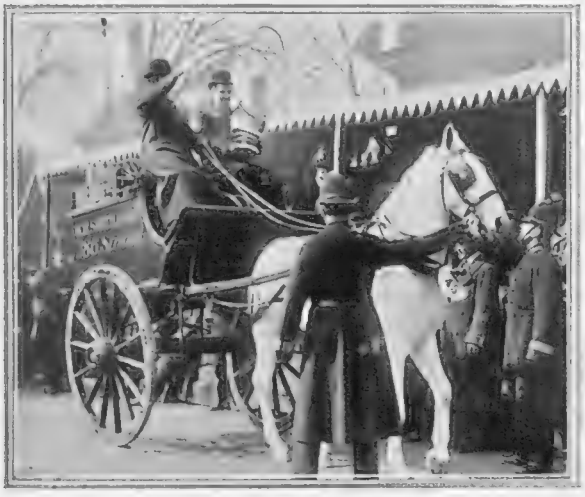
The woman was staring beyond her with sudden comprehension. She understood—and too late.

R. Ramsay.

Not Ready for the Zoo Yet!

A SUCCESSFUL LONDON VAN HORSE PARADE IN REGENT'S PARK

Judging the Pairs



E. Pithers, of W. H. Smith & Sons, wins the Stewart-Freeman Cup

The Hon. Lady Acland Presents the Prizes

Photos *Sport and General*

The March Past

In close proximity of the Zoo, where a few years ago motor enthusiasts declared the only horses in existence would soon be found, the Fifth Annual Parade of the London Van Horse Society took place in Regent's Park on Easter Monday. This prophecy has certainly not yet been fulfilled, for never have the entries been greater—there were 366—and never the condition of the animals better. Nearly every big firm, whose vehicles block our streets, from the heavy vans of Carter Paterson's to the smart red turn-outs of the best-known representatives of the great Smith family of 186, Strand, was represented. The Society has done much good work since its formation in encouraging drivers and carmen in the proper treatment and care of their animals

"£500 off an acre"

The "Cloches" or Bell-jars under which Plants are Forced

A PROFITABLE METHOD OF MARKET GARDENING EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED

Market-Gardening Profits

The illustrations of the Thatcham Fruit and Flower Farm (in our issue of April 8) have aroused widespread interest, and as there seems to be an idea that anyone can take an acre of ground and work it as is done there, it may be advisable to give some further particulars. A glance at what has been done elsewhere will help to explain the position. The following prices have been obtained per acre for crops grown in England: £100 for early lettuces and potatoes, £150 for strawberries, £168 for black currants, £192 for onions, and £300 for outdoor tomatoes. Nor has this always been on a small scale. For, about eighteen years ago, a Bedfordshire firm got no less than £14,300 for 130 acres of onions, the crop averaging eleven tons per acre, and fetching £10 a ton. Even these rates, astonishing as they may seem, have been largely exceeded. Some sensation was aroused in the 'eighties of the last century by the announcement that a mushroom-grower was making nearly £1,500 per acre, and, in consequence, everybody took to growing mushrooms, with the result that prices tumbled down in a startling manner. All the figures mentioned are, of course, quite extraordinary. If a grower gets £30 an acre for early potatoes, lettuces, and peas, and £40 for onions and early cabbages, he does very well, and as these are merely gross returns, the profits are not enormous; though it must be remembered that the land, if properly managed, will generally carry more than one crop during the year.

A Profit of £120 an Acre

In this country the best results have so far been obtained by a man, with horticultural and business capacity, working a small plot of ground himself, or with only slight assistance. There is a grower of this class at Brighton, who has made for a long period a regular profit of about £60 a year out of half an acre, and as he has published his balance-sheet there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his figures. He does most of the work himself; he sells his produce to private customers, mostly restaurants; and as he never allows his ground to lie idle, crop following crop in rapid succession, his harvest-time is practically the whole year. His performance is the more remarkable as he has another occupation—he is a waiter—so he is able to attend to his market-gardening only before and after he has done his ordinary work. But it is in France that the highest values are extracted from the soil. There, by means of what is called intensive cultivation—by the use of immense quantities of manure to supply heat as well as food to the crops, and with glass to protect them—it is said that £500 per acre a year may be made. This system has already been adopted with considerable success at Evesham, and is now undergoing a further trial at the Thatcham Fruit and Flower Farm.

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Principals of the Thatcham Farm

Miss Hughes-Jones and Miss Peers with their French gardener, who last November started, and are now working so successfully, the "close-cultivation" farm at Thatcham according to French methods of market gardening

Thatcham Fruit and Flower Farm

The farm was started last November by Miss Peers and Miss Hughes-Jones, two ladies whose previous experience of horticultural work extends over a number of years. That they are, also, not deficient in business capacity this article will show. It cannot, however, be said that they have selected a favourable site for their operations, for it is exposed to every wind that blows. They are fortunate in having fifteen young ladies as pupils, who are taught carpentering as well as gardening, and with their aid the three-quarters of an acre at present under cultivation has been strongly fenced in, sheets of corrugated iron rolled flat being nailed to the wooden supports to provide a wind-screen. The object of having the sheets rolled flat was to get the additional breadth and thus to reduce the price.

Crops in Frames

Nearly half the ground is covered with frames, made on the premises. Each is 13 ft. 6 in. in length, and carries three lights, imported, strangely enough, from France. Made of oak and painted two coats, they cost, unglazed, five shillings and sixpence apiece, or far less than common deal lights cost in England. Here, surely, is a fact to set our manufacturers thinking! To cover the lights in order to keep in the heat or to shade the plants, mats of rice-straw are used, and these, also, come from France. The frames are laid on an immense bed of manure obtained from Reading, fifteen miles away, at a cost of eight shillings a ton. For the first frame the soil is dug out to the depth of a foot, and wheeled to the far end of the plot, as in trenching. The excavation is then filled with manure, which is piled up a total height of 2ft. 6in. (1ft. 6in. above the ground level), when well trodden down. The soil from the site of the second frame is laid on top, and so the work proceeds until the whole plot is finished. The bed needs no further digging for a year.

The Crops Under Frames

Nearly half the area of the farm is covered with frames, each 13ft. 6in. long, and each carrying three lights to keep in the heat. To shade the plants mats of rice-straw are used. Both these and the lights can be obtained far cheaper from France than they can be purchased in this country

In the Carpentry Shop

The promoters of the farm are assisted by fifteen lady pupils, who, besides gardening, are taught to do all the carpentering which is required, such as frame-making, etc.

By sinking it, less manure is required, for the escape of heat is reduced, and by slightly increasing the amount it is found possible to maintain a constant temperature of eighty degrees throughout the winter. Melons raised there are now planted out in a large number of frames, and look strong and healthy. In other frames are cauliflowers, with carrots, radishes, or other small crops between. Not an inch of the ground is unoccupied.

Crops Under Bell-jars

But perhaps the strangest sight to English eyes is the array of bell-jars, which occupy a large section of the farm. These, again, come from France, or, at least, from the Belgian frontier. They cost £3 16*s.* a hundred, or, reckoning carriage, about double that sum. The total, therefore, amounts to about eighteenpence each. An English firm offered to supply them at five shillings and sixpence each—an astonishing difference. Under each bell-jar are lettuces of various sizes, four when small, with carrots sown broadcast among them. When the lettuces are cut the glasses are moved to others growing in the open air alongside. They are thus in constant use. Of course, an abundance of water is essential to such a farm, and here the assistance of a water-diviner was sought. He found it at a depth of 40ft., and as it would be difficult to miss water at that depth anywhere in the district, his success is not surprising. The water is pumped up into a tank and then allowed to flow along pipes to different parts of the ground, thus rendering it easy to keep the crops moist. They are consigned at good prices to various restaurants, and already the demand exceeds the supply. As regards labour, the whole work is done by the two principals, a Frenchman, a lad, and the young lady pupils. Of course, it is yet too early to speak about financial results, but there is much which the ordinary market-gardener might learn from a study of the methods employed at the Thatcham Fruit and Flower Farm.

H. C. Davidson.

Photos *Topical Agency*

An Eleven o'Clock Rest and Light Refreshment

There are only two men employed on this thriving farm, practically all the work being done by the two principals and their lady pupils. The introduction of these methods of close-cultivation has opened a vast field of opportunity for congenial and profitable occupation for women who have to earn their own living

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Disinherited of the Earth." By Mrs. Henry Graham. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Great Amulet." By Mrs. Maud Diver. (Blackwood: 6s.)

"A Knight Errant in Turkey." By Arthur Oakstone. (Greening: 6s.)

Is the Novel a Second-Class Literary Form?

In the course of a most amusing debate the other night at one of London's many clubs which combine dining with discussion, the question somewhat furiously intruded itself, "Is the novel a second-class branch of literature?" The speaker, who said it was, had given it as the explanation why women show such proficiency as novelists! He was vigorously combated by a fellow-critic, who was prepared to prove, at any time and place, that the novel is a first-rate, not a second-rate, form.

* * *

Why No Ancient Novels?

I hope he will succeed—being, myself, one of those who greatly love the novel. But my callous conscience bids me fear he will not. I am afflicted by a most unshakable faith in the wisdom of the ancients, and if the novel *is* a first-rate form of literature, am tempted to ask how on earth it happens that neither Greece nor Rome discovered it? There were generations and generations of men, many of whom devoted their lives to literature of various kinds, in which Romance was by no means the least important, and yet nobody wrote a novel. Now if the novel had been a first-rate branch of the literary art, I am quite sure it would have made its appearance somehow, and somewhere, B.C. But no. There was, perhaps, in ancient Greece, a sort of prose romance, but it died from sheer inanition and inability to compete with the poets in the same line of business. And as to English literature, well, for centuries after we started it, we rang the changes on the old, old chimes—poetry, philosophy, drama, allegory, essay—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Hobbes, Milton, Bunyan, Swift—but, with all this literary genius at large, we produced no novel—*i.e.* "a fictitious prose narrative presenting a picture of real life in which love is the predominant interest"—until Richardson, in 1740, wrote "Pamela."

* * *

The Newness of the English Novel

Admirers of the "English novel" claim, of course, that it is a wondrous thing. And so, no doubt, it is. But with only two and a half centuries to enable us to test its power to appeal to posterity, it is a little previous and a good deal presumptuous of critics to talk about it as a first-rate form of literature—the equal of poetry, drama, philosophy, and history. If admirers of the English novel foresee that in, say, the thirtieth century it will share shelves with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, blessed be their dreams! That the novel itself will, in that age, continue to be written, I have no doubt, but that the readers thereof will "have time" for the English novel of our day, good, bad, or indifferent, I doubt entirely. The blessing of the novel as a form of literature—its utility as a means of reflecting the life of the period—is its very curse in posterity. The little thoughts and emotions, the little sayings and doings, *and* the little jokes, of any one period are the joy, perhaps, of that period—or, if exceptionally well told, of the next one also—but not of Posterity. Tell me, quietly, gentle reader, do *you* read Richardson, and Fielding, and Smollett even to-day? And does your daughter read Jane Austen, and your son—Scott? And will her daughter and his son, in their time, read . . . . Dickens?

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Brilliant Marjorie Bowen

Miss Bowen is rapidly rising to front rank. Following on her popular novel, "The Viper of Milan," she has produced two more—the latest, "The Sword Decides," being a most enthralling work. When Miss Bowen wrote her first novel she was only seventeen years old

* * *

Another Monstrous Mother!

The mother of the modern novel cannot by any possible chance be said to be "doing well." What with the grim philosopher of Mr. Philpotts's latest book *The Mother*—she who handed her son over to gaol to save his character—and Mr. Fletcher's *Mothers in Israel*, to mention only two out of many recent cases, fictitious maternity is in a bad way. For sheer dour, unrelenting unnaturalness, however, commend me to Lady Verrier, the mother who infests Mrs. Henry Graham's *The Disinherited of the Earth* (Rivers). Really, even out the severities of nineteenth-century Christianity, I scarcely believe so terrible a type can have sprung. Over-strictness in the care of her beautiful daughter, Ada, results in that lady's elopement with the first man she sees—an artist. Lady Verrier, in a paroxysm of propriety, becomes permanently shocked; not only does she forbid her daughter ever to see her again, but forbids her name to be mentioned. In time, Ada's husband is killed, and she is left in poor circumstances. Her mother omits to answer her appeal for help. Ada becomes a dressmaker, and has a daughter of her own. When she does again appear within her mother's vision, it is as the

condemned poisoner of this daughter, the motive of which crime, however, is hardly clear. Then, only then, does the mother relent, proceeding to the prison to endeavour to save her daughter's *soul*. There is nothing very convincing in the story; only a good deal that is very moving and very melancholy.

* * *

Life in a Brigand's Camp

Kaid Maclean's experiences having aroused some curiosity as to the amenities of life among brigands, Mr. Arthur Oakstone is fortunate in the moment of the appearance of *A Knight Errant in Turkey* (Greening: 6*s.*). The brigand, however, with whom the writer has sojourned, is a Turk, not a Moor—if the subtle distinction is worth mentioning. The story of young Harold's experiences in the brigand camp on the hills beyond Smyrna, into which he gains admission disguised as a Cretan Moslem, is picturesque. It is a pity that Mr. Oakstone did not make more of an actual story out of it. Some sounder motive than mere curiosity should have been found for Harold to risk his life as he did. Could he not have been in pursuit of—or in flight from—a lady-love? Or escaping from justice? Or a journalist? Or a spy? He should have been something more definite, in the first instance, than a mere "anxious inquirer."

Photo *Mills*

Sir Theodore Martin

About to publish, through Messrs. Blackwood, a volume on "Queen Victoria As I Knew Her." His first book was published seventy years ago. He is now in his ninety-second year.

An Anglo-Indian Novel

Mrs. Maud Diver, whose first novel, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, made so deserved a success as a picture of Anglo-Indian military life, has now written *The Great Amulet* (Blackwood: 6*s.*), which is no less praiseworthy. A sudden marriage between Eldred Lenox and Quita Maurice — the man, a hard, unemotional, workaday soldier, the girl, an artist of "temperament," and an exaggerated ego—collapses as soon as made, by Lenox's hearing, indirectly from a friend, of his wife's previous engagement. They part. He goes back to India to work, she to join her brother, another artist, in globe-trotting. Five years pass, and, partly by accident, partly by her design, husband and wife meet again in Kashmir. Then, it dawns on Lenox that the woman he has cast off is the only one he can love. By the aid of mutual friends, they are ultimately brought together again. Quita is a type of modern woman—self-willed, self-satisfied, erratic, and egoistical—whose conversation, sprinkled everywhere with French phrases, would have got on the nerves of men far less taciturn than her husband. After the slightest acquaintance with her, my heartfelt congratulations went out to Lenox for the luck which rid him of her—even for a few years.

V. C.

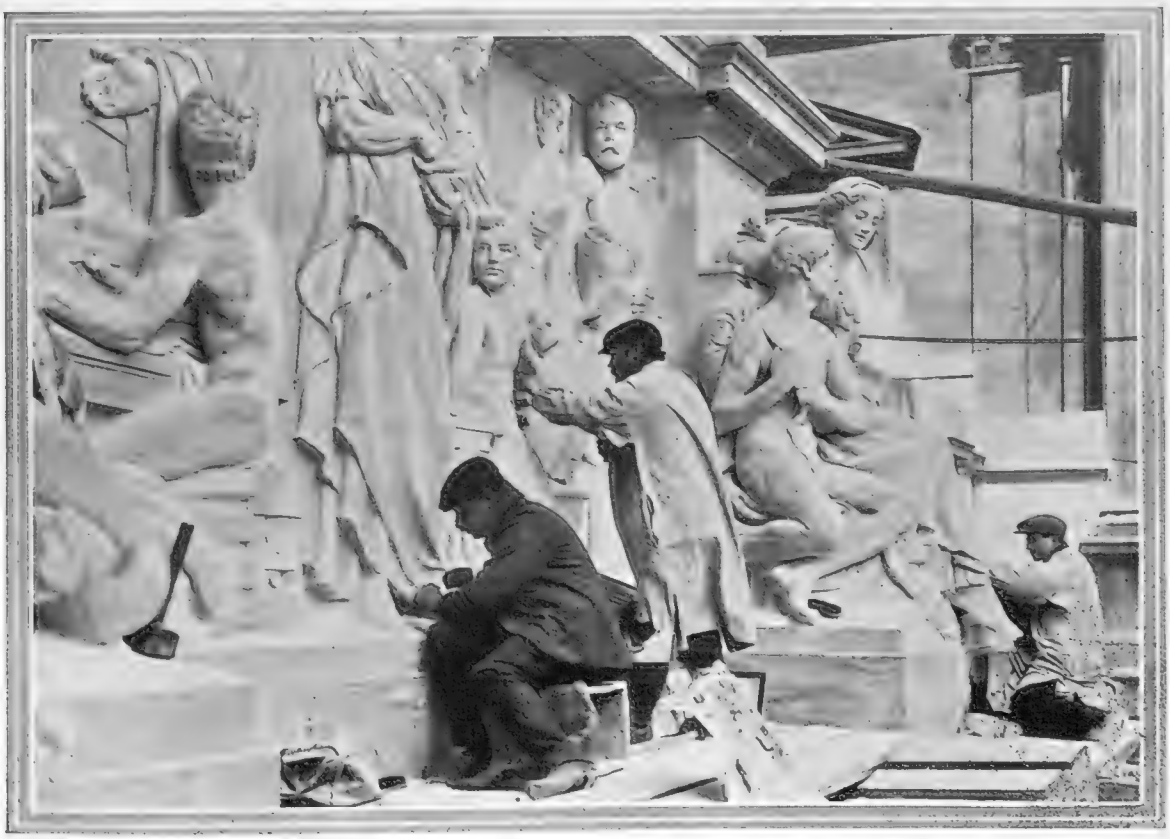


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Ornamental Arch between the New and the Old Government Offices in Whitehall which is now nearing Completion

Photo] The Ex-ex-Premier Putting at the 18th Green at Ranelagh Mr. Balfour [*Dixon*

Mr. A. J. Balfour was one of the players in Sir H. Seton-Karr's team, which, in a recent match, beat the Ranelagh team by 6½ points to 6. Mr. Balfour, who was playing with Mr. W. H. Fowler, was, however, defeated in both his rounds

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A New Putter

Some time ago I hinted that I was on the track of a putter which would enable us to control the lively rubber-core on the putting green in better fashion than we have yet done. I think there is a common agreement among critics of the game that the one department in which we have not progressed, nay, rather, in which we have deteriorated, is putting. Those who can putt with the old-fashioned wooden putter are a very small and select band, and for these chosen souls the new ball has had no terrors. For the rubber-core goes so quickly off iron that it is extremely difficult to control it with an iron putter. Most of us have, however, become so accustomed to the cleek-shaped putter that we are unable to use any other shape with any confidence. Those who, like Mr. John Low, are born manipulators of a wooden putter need not worry to read what I am writing. But, as I have said, such players are few and far between. I remember during an Amateur Championship one of the prominent American players was using a wooden putter, having evidently had a bad time just before with his ordinary iron one. He was putting atrociously with the wooden instrument. Andrew Kirkaldy, who, with me, was watching the match, turned to me and said, "Why doesna someone tell his silly caddie to tak' yon putter awa' from the man? He hasna the least idea how to putt wi' it. He doesna stand properly for it." Here was an evident case of one who knew not the tricks of the wooden putter trade. The same drawbacks apply to the aluminium putter, which is more or less of the same shape as a wooden one.

A Matter of Combination

Well, it occurred to me if I could get a combination of wooden striking surface with the ordinary cleek-shaped putter, I might solve the problem of putting with the rubber-cored ball. Some months ago I communicated my idea to Mr. Lockwood Brown, of Messrs. Lillywhite, of the Haymarket, and asked him to set his club-maker to work on carrying it out. I recommend those of my readers who are in trouble about their putting to look in at Messrs. Lillywhite's and inspect the wooden-faced putter which they have so skilfully constructed. This is shaped just like an ordinary iron putter, only that it has a section of wood securely fastened to the front of the iron blade. I have been using one of these putters, and find that the ball runs very smoothly off it, that I can control the ball much better, and, best of all, that I can hit it with some boldness and confidence. There is none of that jumping and darting off which is so frequent and so disconcerting in the case of the ordinary iron putter. I advise anyone who may invest in one of these new putters to have the face varnished, and to repeat the process from time to time. This will effectually prevent the wet from damaging the face, and will keep the putter in good condition.

For Advanced Players*

If we wanted confirmation of the celebrated remark of the small Scottish caddie to the Professor who was attempting, with poor success, to solve the mysteries of the subtle and elusive game, "Oh, gowf requires a heed for playing," we should have it in ample measure in the admirable treatise on the higher flights of the game which James Braid has just compiled. "Advanced Golf" gives one horrid visions of the higher mathematics, the integral calculus, logarithms, and other such abstruse horrors. We are, indeed, subjecting our beloved game to a most elaborate process of analysis, and if the science of "how to do it" can be imparted by the printed page, then (I had almost said Professor) James Braid is the man for our money. I have already, in a past number of THE BYSTANDER, called attention to Braid's excellent little book for beginners. In the present volume the beginner is left out of count, and only advanced students are addressed. One of the chief charms of Braid's writing on the game is that he never dogmatises. He does not say of any stroke, "This, and this alone, is the way to do it." But he tells the reader, in clear and admirable style, how he himself does the stroke, and leaves the student to apply the lesson with the usual modifications necessitated by difference of strength or physique. No player should miss reading Braid's valuable book, the perusal of which has given me very great pleasure, and, I trust, a good deal of profit too.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

* "*Advanced Golf; or Hints and Instruction for Progressive Players.*" *By James Braid.* (*Messrs. Methuen and Co.*)

The Dangers of Rejuvenation

UNCLE JIM'S EASTER MONDAY FROLICS

BY G. E. STUDDY

The Brooklands Easter Meeting

Racing in a Snowstorm
Sir George Abercromby on his 58 h.-p. Fiat in the race for the Naval and Military Cup

Newton on a Napier Makes an Easy Win
He only just avoided a bad accident with Resta on a Mercédes, the latter skidding into his car

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Crowd Watching the Races

Despite the cold weather, there was a large attendance of the public at the Easter Meeting at Brooklands, and excellent racing was seen both on Saturday and Monday. The high wind and frequent snow showers, however, made very high speeds impossible, but earlier in the week, Newton, on a 90 h.-p. Napier, was successful in beating the Flying Half-Mile record, establishing a new one at a speed of 102·85 miles per hour

Bookmakers Preparing for Business in the Paddock

M. Scantlebury on his Sizaire-Naudin Wins the Sizaire et Naudin Cup
Note under casing broken away. He finished thus

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"Faithfully yours, H. E. HEWENS."

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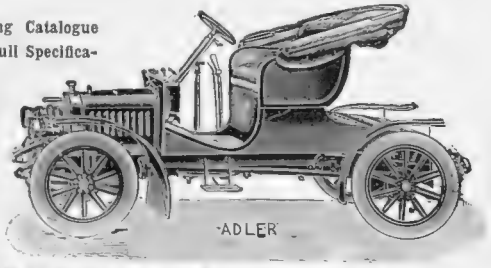

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

I see that Mr. Plowden made some strong remarks about a motorist who dashed across main roads in London at a high rate of speed. There is little doubt but that many motorists are very reckless in the way they approach cross roads, too frequently taking risks, and it is more often Providence alone that preserves them from serious collisions. A driver, in approaching cross roads, ought to be prepared, so that he can stop in a couple of yards if necessary. On Bank Holiday a very serious collision of this nature took place near Sunbury. On the one hand, coming from Walton was a big racing car, while from the direction of Shepperton a touring car was approaching. The cars being both driven, it is alleged, at a fast pace, met, and that the occupants escaped with their lives was a matter more of luck than good judgment. Now, if either or both of these cars had slowed down on approaching the cross roads, they could have stopped, and an accident would have been averted.

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This limousine body is of particularly handsome design and finish, both exterior and interior. The wide side-entrance and square windows give a well-balanced appearance, while a unique feature is that the door opens towards the driver to obviate the danger of its being blown off its hinges if opened against the wind. The interior is luxuriously upholstered with every regard to the comfort of the passenger

Police-traps of the ordinary kind are, as most motorists and many of the general public agree, unfair in their conception, because the police lay themselves out to entrap, mostly on unfrequented and open roads, the motorist who may be exceeding the speed limit. At the same time there are, I regret to say, too many motorists of the scorching variety about, and it has now become a problem as to how these gentry are to be dealt with. Under the circumstances, therefore, the new methods adopted by the police in Sussex are a great improvement on the former system of police-traps. The police are stationed in villages, and take note of the number of each car passing through and the time of doing so. In villages many miles distant, the police are doing the same thing. Later on notes are compared, and then if a motorist has been found, over a given distance, to have exceeded the speed limit, he is summoned. If a driver consistently moves along at a higher speed than is recognised by law, he must expect to be fined, and this new method adopted by the police is one which seems the fairest and most likely one for catching those men whom the motoring community most desire to see suffer for flagrant disregard of the rights of other users of the road. It is to be hoped, however, that magistrates will try to reform their methods and not condemn a motorist unless the evidence against him is proved beyond doubt.

Miscellanea

The Argyll School of Motoring, at 17, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., is inaugurating a novel scheme which will be certain to prove a great attraction to ladies desirous of driving their own cars, and becoming acquainted with the mechanism. The Argyll School has secured the services of Miss Hermione Flateau, who will devote her entire attention to the ladies' classes, taking them out for driving lessons in conjunction with the lectures delivered by Mr. Carter, the regular instructor. As the fair sex are becoming more and more devoted to driving their own cars, Messrs. Argylls are to be congratulated on their enterprise in this direction.

Once again the Daimler Company have been honoured with an order from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This speaks volumes for the estimation in which this make of car is held by Royalty. His Royal Highness has now purchased four cars of this make.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

YACHTING

"Shamrock IV."

The launch of Sir Thomas Lipton's new cutter is now a *fait accompli*, and very soon yachtsmen will be watching with absorbing interest the results of her trial spins. Whether she will turn out the fastest yacht in her class, which is the largest *for cutters* under the International rating rule, remains, of course, to be proved. But if last year's fleet are all "going" again there should be some fine sport in the proving of it. We shall have Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria*, the champion of 1906, and the first boat built to the new rule, *Brynhild*, the unlucky, a new boat last year, whose owner, Sir James Pender, gave up racing her after she had on two occasions lost one of her crew, and the other of last year's new boats, Mr. Myles Kennedy's *White Heather*, the champion of the year. Such a beautiful cutter is *White Heather* that good judges were heard last season to aver stoutly that she represented the acme of perfection in yacht construction. Has Sir Thomas gone one better? We shall see.

Photo Graphic Photo Union

Miss Kelly

The leading lady lawn-tennis player in the Transvaal. Her service is always well placed and very fast

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Wintry Weather Suits "Wolves"

It seems to be ordained by fate that Newcastle United are not to win the Football Association Cup. They have now reached the final three times in four years, and each time have lost it, though fancied to win. Of course, it goes without saying that the best teams do not always reach the final, but Newcastle took the field on Saturday with the reputation of being the crack team of the season; and probably a good many people think that they are still, although the Wolverhampton Wanderers beat them by 3 goals to 1. It has often been said that scientific football does not win F.A. final ties, and the saying is true enough if by scientific football is understood the pattern-weaving game; but experience has shown that science of this kind is not necessarily infallible. A team which plays the pattern-weaving game is like a very delicately adjusted and complicated piece of machinery of which all the parts have to be in perfect running order and capable of standing hard wear. On Saturday the perfect running of the machine was spoilt by the fact that Appleyard, the centre-forward, was off his game, and the hard wear was represented by the fine all-round play of the Wanderers' second line, of which the Oxford amateur, K. R. G. Hunt, was the mainstay. This, coupled with the fact that the Wanderers' forwards, though less clever at juggling with the ball, were clever enough to make the most of their chances, going for goal, and shooting with fair precision when they got within range, turned the scale.

Photo *Sport and General*

Lacrosse at Lord's: Pressure on England's Goal in the Match between England and the Duke of Argyll's Team

The teams were made up of some of the leading Northern and Southern players, and though they seemed at the outset to be very evenly matched, England gained an easy victory of 8 goals to 5

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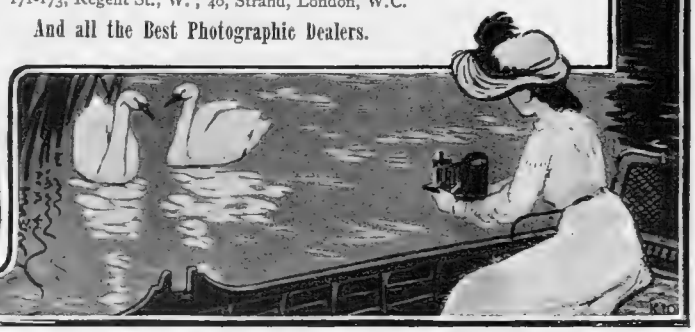

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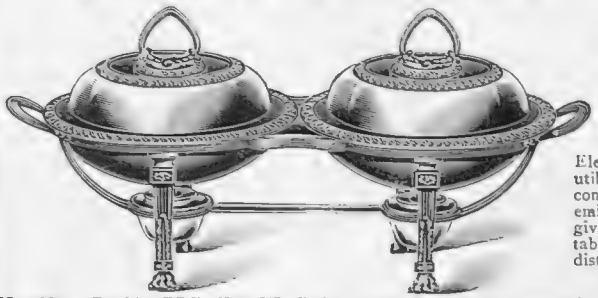

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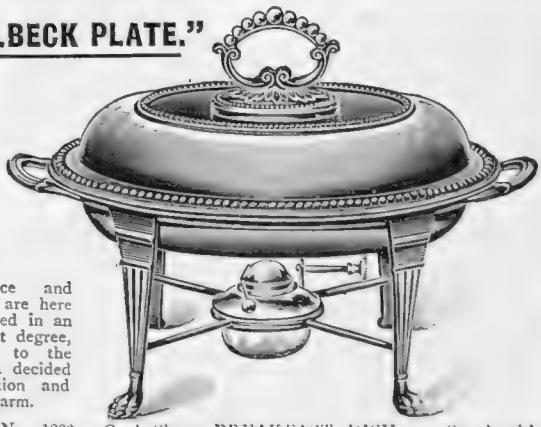

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Is the A.F.A. a Success?

To lovers of pure amateurism the past season has been a momentous one, for it has witnessed the secession from the Football Association of a large body of amateurs—mainly public school and 'Varsity men—who have formed themselves into a separate Association, with the object of securing freedom in the management of their own affairs, and of being able to play the game in the spirit in which it ought to be played. In spite of the most strenuous and uncompromising opposition from the older body, the movement has been attended with success; but the Amateur Football Association must live longer and make even better progress than it has hitherto done before its position can be said to be absolutely secure, and for this reason I could wish that there were a little more of the militant spirit among its members. It is not of much use to say to an implacable enemy, "I don't want to fight you; let me alone and I'll let you alone," when all the time he is going for you to the best of his ability. The time arrives when some hitting back must be done. And when the F.A. adopted that insidious and successful *ruse* of removing their boycott to the extent of allowing A.F.A. amateurs to play for F.A. clubs and combinations so long as they only played for their school or University teams in A.F.A. matches, the A.F.A. ought, undoubtedly, to have hit back by means of a counter-boycott. It did nothing, possibly because it mistrusted its power, possibly because it trusted too confidingly in the absolute loyalty of its public school and 'Varsity players, possibly in the fulfilment of its policy of merely passive resistance. At any rate, the result was that three prominent Oxford University players—the very men for whom the F.A. was angling—swallowed the bait and forfeited their freedom as amateurs for the kudos of gaining an F.A. "cap," or of playing with a crack professional team. In spite of the optimistic tone of the speeches, and of the proceedings generally, at the A.F.A. dinner, you cannot convince me that an Association which is unable to command the unswerving allegiance of some of its most distinguished players is in a really secure position.

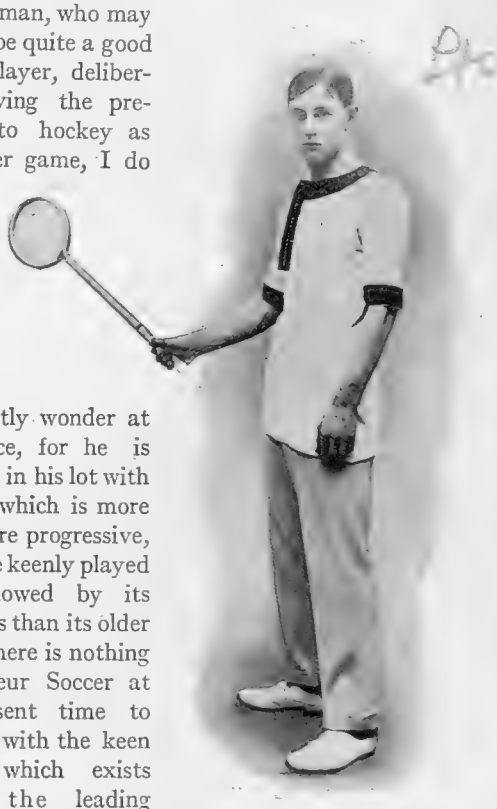
Photos

M. K. Foster (Malvern)

Who, with his brother, N. J. A. Foster, was successful in beating Rugby in the final of the Public Schools Rackets

The Rivalry of Hockey

There is another difficulty with which the A.F.A. is confronted, and that is the undoubted decline in popularity of Soccer among the upper and middle classes. Doubtless it can be argued that under the F.A. the amateur game was being gradually frozen out, and that the institution of the A.F.A. will resuscitate it. But, if this is to be, an active campaign will be necessary. Soccer has been badly cut into of late years by hockey, which enjoys the advantage, not only of being (at present at any rate) a purely amateur pastime, but also of being governed on a thoroughly well-organised and efficient system. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that Soccer is a finer game in itself than hockey, and yet when I see a young man, who may perhaps be quite a good Soccer player, deliberately giving the preference to hockey as his winter game, I do not greatly wonder at his choice, for he is throwing in his lot with a game which is more alive, more progressive, and more keenly played and followed by its adherents than its older rival. There is nothing in amateur Soccer at the present time to compare with the keen rivalry which exists among the leading hockey clubs, and causes players to regard it as a point of honour to keep fit and always be ready to turn out whenever called upon. The A.F.A. must not be content with the mere fact that it has come into being in order to preserve amateur football from gradual extinction. It must do something towards restoring the game to its proper place in the hierarchy of winter recreations, and fostering among its young players the spirit of keenness which nowadays seems only too apt to wane as soon as they leave school.



Sport and General

N. J. A. Foster

The youngest of the famous Fostershire family, who so successfully backed up his brother at Queen's Club in the Public Schools Rackets Competition

The London and Paris Exchange

We have been informed that, owing to the increased business in the Birmingham district, the London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., have found it necessary considerably to increase their office accommodation. Larger and more commodious offices have been taken in Theatre Royal Chambers, New Street, Birmingham. Increased facilities for dealing with London have been arranged, and all important market movements are at once communicated to Birmingham by the London office.

RACING NOTIONS

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

By CARBINE

Photo, Sport and General
Captain Greer
The new Steward of the Jockey Club

The Perrier Furore

After seven years of ill-luck on the Turf, his Majesty the King has at last bred a racehorse worthy, it would seem, to rank with the mighty Persimmon and the brilliant, but wayward, Diamond Jubilee. It is delightful to contemplate the possibility of King Edward carrying off the Derby, for never in its history has that race been won by the reigning Sovereign. At the same time, it would be well not to grow too enthusiastic before the event. Time enough for excited panegyrics when the race has been won. This is the age of gush, and just now the papers are simply bubbling over with Perrier—the horse I mean. A Derby favourite is always an interesting animal; but Perrier, admirably as he acquitted himself of his task last week, has yet to prove himself worthy of all the praise which has been lavishly bestowed on him. I do not write this in any carping spirit. I honestly believe Perrier to be a nailer; but I deprecate the excessive fuss which is being made about him for the simple reason that if he does fail to carry the Royal colours to victory at Epsom the disappointment will be all the keener by reason of the abnormal adulation previously showered on the colt.

Epsom Prospects

Meanwhile, we have much excellent racing at Epsom and Sandown Park, and on Wednesday the City and Suburban is an intensely interesting handicap. Let us briefly run through the prospects of the more prominent candidates. First there is Dean Swift, shouldering top weight on his favourite battle-ground. He is said to be in good fettle just now, but he failed rather badly under smaller weight last year, and I would rather have Roseate Dawn, who showed us at Newbury that he has got back to his best form. His penalty does not make his burden prohibitive, as he was very nicely weighted in the first instance. Yet there can be little to choose between him and Linacre. I didn't like the way in which the last-named curled up at Newbury when Roseate Dawn tackled him, but it was just the thing a colt would do who was short of a gallop. However, the news on Monday afternoon that he was scratched did not cause me very much surprise.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*
The King's Derby Candidate: Perrier, with H. Jones up
Among the strongest favourites for the Derby at the moment is Perrier, owned by his Majesty. The horse is a son of the famous Persimmon, and last week greatly encouraged his supporters by winning the Biennial Stakes at Newmarket

A Selection for the "City"

Oakleigh II., with Maher up, is bound to be dangerous. I have a vivid recollection of seeing him canter away with a race at Epsom last summer, and though he never won again, it was mainly because the handicappers had not forgotten that startling performance. He has been treated fairly enough on the present occasion, and should, as I have said, be a danger to the best. We are told that we must altogether ignore Land League's defeat at Lincoln, and I agree that the running was too bad to be true. Snow Leopard is a bit of a mystery, but ran so well in his two races last year that nobody would be surprised to see him score at Epsom. Among the light-weights I am fondest of the chance of Desmond's Pride, who is also something of a mystery. But I happen to know that she has been giving great satisfaction to Mr. P. P. Peebles, and if she is cool and well on the day of the race I think you can reckon on her repeating the success which the stable gained with Velocity last year. My selection for the "City," therefore, is DESMOND'S PRIDE, and for a place I recommend OAKLEIGH II. Désespoir for the Tadworth Plate on the same day, I think would seem to be the best business.

At Sandown Park

Providing the weather becomes a little more genial, Sandown Park will be a most enjoyable meeting, and rather a relief after the restless bustle of Epsom. On Thursday Chrysoberyl might take the Twickenham Handicap, and Malheur the Esher Cup. On the following day Dalgety is my selection for the Tudor Plate. The steeplechasing season has its final flicker on Saturday, when I expect Seisdon Prince to take the Grand International Steeplechase.

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FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The modistic outlook, in the first flush of things, is undeniably attractive, although it is extremely probable we shall very shortly arrive at monotony with the wing-sleeved coat; still, that is merely a single item. There is, by the way, steadily pushing itself to the front a pelerine coat, that clips the waist neatly and flows out in a basque below, while the pelerine upper part drops low down over the arms and just meets at the waist beneath.

Fashioned of *mousseline* taffeta or soft satin, there is every safety in the premonition that this will quickly usurp a large share of the favour now bestowed on the little semi-fitting coat, and will proclaim itself a special favourite allied to the Princesse frock of muslin and lace.

A Fault of Proportion

With a daily increasing acceptance of the eel-tight skirt, we are laying ourselves open to irresistible caricatures, with the great hats that refuse to abate an iota of their claim. In the distance a figure garbed in accordance with these latest edicts holds a dangerous similitude to a peg top, the steady tapering off from the shoulders downwards, until, by comparison, the skirt clinging about the feet gives all the appearance of a peg-top's spinning point. And yet, notwithstanding, so admirably are these latter-day effects wrought that, the eye once attuned to the silhouette, one has only praise for the *tout ensemble*.

It has come to my ears that I have incurred the wrath of certain of the small dressmakers — not modistes *bien entendu*, but the really small fry — by my plain speaking anent the difficulties surrounding sartorialism to-day. The cap, I fear, fitted only too well, otherwise why the protest? And I speak not out of my own poor understanding, but with the authority of the elect, who, like all great people, acknowledge the difficulties that with them, however, merely evoke the determination to overcome the apparently impossible.

I am extremely sorry for the little dressmaker; she has all my sympathies; but, as things are going, her prospects are not rosy. Thanks, not only to the skill of big *couturières*, but also to the amazing enterprise of the manufacturers, the ready-made skirts, blouse-robes, tailor-mades, and incredibly cheap little tub frocks, are proving, perhaps, the most serious enemies. It has taken me, perhaps, longer than most to accord words of praise to garments turned out by the gross, but being partially imbecile, I am compelled, under the circumstances, to change my point of view. It is the day of extremes.

One of the many Beautiful Paquin Gowns worn by Mrs. Langtry in "A Fearful Joy" at the Haymarket

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Paquin Creations for Mrs. Langtry

Nothing, perhaps, could more fitly illustrate my argument than the triumphs devised and executed by Paquin, and worn by Mrs. Langtry in *A Fearful Joy*, at the Haymarket.

I may frankly say, I am glad to have seen the play for the sake of these gowns, one of the most beautiful of which has been most ably illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. This is one of these beautiful expressions portrayed in *crêpe de Chine*, white in this especial instance, for the better display of the exquisite tapering designs of

The Bystander, April 29, 1908

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 230.—Vol. XVIII. Wednesday, April 29, 1908

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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MAGNIFICENT POSITION ON GRAVEL SOIL.

Hall (37ft. by 13ft.) with fireplace, dining room (23ft. by 19ft. 6in.) with large bay, drawing room (26ft. by 18ft. with bay 12ft. by 19ft.), billiard room (24ft. by 18ft. 6in.) with arched ceiling.

Library (14ft. by 13ft. with bay), 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, and usual offices with servants' hall. Excellent stabling, etc. Beautifully wooded pleasure grounds of

ABOUT SIX AND A HALF ACRES.

Doctor, post, church, golf all very handy.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HAMPTON AND SONS beg to notify that they have now sold the following PROPERTIES in and around Wimbledon:—

"HOMESIDE," Wimbledon Common. — A Freehold Residence, with about 2½ acres.

"TUDOR LODGE," Wimbledon Common.—A Freehold Residence, with lodge, stabling, and about 2½ acres.

"EDENTHORPE," Lake Road, Wimbledon Park.—A Freehold Residence, with grounds and gardener's cottage.

6, EDGE HILL.—A Freehold Residence, near R.C. church.

A Freehold House in Belvedere Drive, Wimbledon Hill.

4, DENMARK AVENUE. — A Freehold Residence and garden.

"THE LIMES," 35, Woodside. — A Leasehold House, with stabling and large garden.

6 Freehold Building Sites.

WIMBLEDON'S RESIDENTIAL ATTRACTIONS.

Bracing air. Gravel soil. Express trains. Electric light. Picturesque old village. Vast Common for golf, riding, and cycling. Easy driving distance of West-End theatres and shops.

A FEW CHOICE RESIDENCES FOR URGENT SALE.

WIMBLEDON HILL-TOP (gravel soil; equi-distant from Common and stations; sunny aspect).—Conveniently designed modern RESIDENCE. Hall, 3 good reception, billiard, and 7 (or if billiard not required, 10 or 11) bedrooms. Ground-floor offices. Pretty garden. Site for motor-house.—For low price, Freehold or Leasehold, rent, and all particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS. (D 1,710)

LOW PRICE.

WIMBLEDON COMMON (excellent views over wide expanse of Heath).—Hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths. Ground-floor offices, billiard. Garden. Unfurnished, on Lease, or sacrificed for quick sale. (D 200 A)

RENT, £300, OR OFFER.

WIMBLEDON PARK (on high ridge, lovely views).—For SALE, at reduced price, modern well-built and appointed RESIDENCE. Hall, billiard, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, ground-floor offices, conservatory. Well fireplaces. Heated by hot-water radiators. Well-stocked garden of about an acre. (D 1,627)

£5,500.

WIMBLEDON PARK (convenient for stations; on ridge).—Capital Modern HOUSE. Large Hall, 3 good reception, ground-floor offices, bath, 7 bedrooms. Sunny terrace and prolific garden with lily pond. Trustees will take very low price.—Illustrated particulars on application. (D 1,794)

£2,250 OR £130.

WIMBLEDON. — Conveniently situated. Quiet roads. On rising ground. Off tramways route.

(*a*) FOR SALE, Freehold, one of the most conveniently arranged RESIDENCES in the district. All accommodation on two floors. Hall, 3 good reception, bath, 6 beds. Garden.—Strongly recommended to anyone seeking a house that can be worked with a minimum of servant labour. (D 298)

£1,550

(*b*) FOR SALE. 3 sitting, bath, 4 bedrooms. All modern conveniences. Garden. Rent, on Lease, £55. (D 318)

£850.

ACCOMMODATION ALL ON TWO FLOORS.

PUTNEY HEATH (close to).—Unfurnished at £160 per annum, or for SALE, a most Attractive RESIDENCE, in a reposeful position. Hall, billiard, 3 spacious reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases. Electric light. New drainage. Delightful garden, with tennis lawn.

RENT, £160.

For Orders to View and all Particulars of the above, and Free List, arranged in best order for viewing from Wimbledon Station, apply:—

HAMPTON AND SONS,

Offices: HIGH ST., WIMBLEDON COMMON ('Phone, 80 W'don); and 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST
OF
ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS

for SALE, and to be LET, published in three parts, post-free, three stamps each, viz.:—

I. Landed Estates.

II. Unfurnished Houses for Sale or Letting.

III. Furnished Houses and Shootings.

Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL.

ADJOINING RICHMOND PARK.

UNFURNISHED, OR FOR SALE, secluded RESIDENCE, in gardens of over an acre, with tennis lawn. Gravel soil; S.E. aspect. 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall and offices, fitted bathroom. Gas and water. Main drainage. Stabling for 3, and men's rooms. The situation is excellent, being opposite Coombe Wood. Rent and price very moderate.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TO ANTIQUARIANS.

GENUINE XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE.

CONTAINING ONE OF THE FINEST FRESCOES IN ENGLAND.

SUSSEX (in quaint old town of Rye). — For SALE, an old-world RESIDENCE, of great archæological interest, *possibly the only one of the religious houses built in the reign of Edward IV.* Hall or lounge, oak-panelled and beamed, with two Tudor doorways, one with Tudor roses; oak-panelled dining room, in which was accidently discovered in 1906 *a remarkable fresco, over 500 years, 16ft. long and 6ft. high, of mural design and richly coloured*, an illustration of which appeared in the Sussex Archæological Society's Book (1907). Outbuildings and garden. Extensive land and sea views; cottage.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

VALUABLE FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.
WOODSIDE, MAIDENHEAD.
OVERLOOKING BOULTER'S LOCK.

On a favourite reach of the River Thames, 2 miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Wednesday, May 13, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously disposed of), the above famous RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, occupying a lovely position, commanding superb views of the celebrated Clieveden Woods; unrivalled boating facilities, golf. Accommodation: 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; Company's water and gas. National telephone. Two cottages. Model dairy, detached stabling. Delightfully disposed pleasure grounds, wide-spreading lawns for tennis and croquet, flower garden, roseries, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, and rich meadowland, in all about 11½ acres. The Property will first be offered as a whole.—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale may be obtained of Messrs. HARRISON and DAVIES, Solicitors, 13, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, W.

PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.
SALMON AND TROUT FISHING. GOLF.

ABERGAVENNY DISTRICT (station ½ mile).—For SALE or to LET, Unfurnished, the above attractive stone-built RESIDENCE in the Italian style, surrounded by attractive pleasure grounds of an acre: 4 reception and 9 bedrooms, usual offices; stabling for 2; Company's gas and water; dry soil; good sporting neighbourhood.—Price, rent, and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,147)

3½ ACRES OR LESS.
BILLIARD ROOM, 11 BEDROOMS.
STABLING FOR 3. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DEVON COAST.—To be SOLD, the above attractive and substantially built MARINE RESIDENCE, standing high, and commanding delightful views. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception, billiard, 11 bed and bathrooms; ample offices; the House is fitted with electric light, and heated by hot water; stabling for 3; well-arranged pleasure grounds of 3½ acres. The whole Property is in splendid condition.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,731)

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.
BETWEEN WHITBY AND PICKERING.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD SPORTING ESTATE of about 785 acres, known as "ELLERON LODGE," situate 5 miles from Pickering Station, and including a comfortable House, containing: drawing and dining rooms, good billiard room, and 7 principal bedrooms; stabling for 7; old-world gardens, tennis lawns, woodland walks, ornamental lake and trout stream; productive kitchen garden; model farmery; 2 lodge entrances and cottages; home farm of 200 acres; beautiful woodlands with rhododendron walks, and grouse moor. The Estate will be offered in one Lot by

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY,

at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., on July, 24th next, unless previously disposed of by private treaty.—Illustrated particulars with plan can be obtained of J. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Solicitor, Pickering; or of the Auctioneers, at their offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

18 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.
6½ ACRES. PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY PROPERTY of 6½ acres, with the above Residence: 4 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 6; hunting, boating, and golf.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,510)

MAGNIFICENT POSITION ON THE CHILTERNS.
1½ MILES FROM STATION. 50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, charming HOUSE standing in park-like meadows of about 60 acres, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: fine lounge hall, 3 large reception rooms, 13 principal bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, attics for 4 or 5 maidservants, and accommodation for menservants if required; good stabling and outbuildings, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TOWN HOUSES FOR THE SEASON.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have a choice selection of Furnished TOWN HOUSES to offer for the season in the following localities:

MAYFAIR	KENSINGTON
BELGRAVIA	HYDE PARK
PORTMAN ESTATE	PORTLAND ESTATE

A detailed list will be forwarded on receipt of applicant's requirements.

BY DIRECTION OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE SIR J. LAWSON WALTON, K.C.

42, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—This unusually light and sunny RESIDENCE can now be TREATED for PRIVATELY. The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor, morning room, study, and dining room; first floor (parquet flooring), boudoir and fine drawing room; second floor, 3 bedrooms and bathroom; third floor, 5 bedrooms; also butler's bedroom in basement.

IN LOVELY OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, an attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness and cleaning rooms; 2 cottages, and range of model farm buildings; modern sanitary arrangements; Company's water; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, with some fine specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawns, rosery, herbaceous borders, carnation and peach-houses; highly productive kitchen garden and fruit garden, well-grown ornamental woodland and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,863)

FAVOURITE PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE.
FIRST-RATE TRAIN SERVICE.

TO BE SOLD, the above beautiful little RESIDENCE, in the Queen Anne cottage style, standing in its own grounds of 8 acres, the feature of which is a shady dell of 2½ acres, with rustic steps, winding walks, and shady nooks, forming in the summer a delightful retreat. The House has been built and equipped at a large expense, and the owner is willing to make a considerable sacrifice to secure a quick sale. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; first-rate stabling and outbuildings.—Full particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (3,757)

NOTORIOUSLY HEALTHY DISTRICT.
VIEWS EXTENDING OVER 30 MILES.
SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL. COMPANY'S WATER. GAS. HEATED.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN, yet amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in the Home Counties.—To be SOLD, the above attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with picturesque half-timbered gables, occupying a superb situation, and surrounded by 20 acres of pleasure grounds, woods, and meadows, the great charm of which is their natural beauty, involving only a very moderate upkeep. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom (plans already prepared for enlargement if necessary); first-rate stabling and cottages.—Inspected and very highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,655)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones:
1505 MAYFAIR.
3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,
10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address:
"WALTONS, LONDON."

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON (4½ miles from a station, about 1 hour from the City and West End).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above charmingly situated COUNTRY HOUSE, commanding most extensive views, and entirely surrounded by its own well-disposed grounds and park-like lands of 44 acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; detached billiard room; Company's water; modern drainage; stabling for 4; 2 cottages, etc.—Strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,555)

COLCHESTER (about 2 miles from the town and 3 from the station, with excellent express train service to London).—The highly attractive Freehold PROPERTY known as "BLENHEIM," situated within easy reach of Colchester Camp, and convenient to golf links and yacht anchorage; picturesque and substantially built gabled Residence, in excellent repair, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 5 reception rooms, conservatory, and ample offices; capital water supply; modern sanitation; electric light; stabling for 3 horses, coach and motor-house; gardener's cottage and studio; beautifully timbered grounds, kitchen and vegetable gardens, orchards, glasshouses, and paddock, in all over 6 acres.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously Sold privately).—Particulars, plan, and view of Messrs. HARDISTY, RHODES, and HARDISTY, Solicitors, 17, Great Marlborough Street, W.; Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

IN THE MOST FAVOURITE PART OF HERTS (2 miles from a main line station, and within easy distance of London), occupying an exceptionally choice situation, 450ft. above sea level, and commanding views of unsurpassed beauty and extent. — To be SOLD, handsome modern MANSION, standing on the site of an ancient Manor House, together with an unusually attractive and well-timbered Freehold Estate of about 120 acres (all grass). The Residence, which is on two floors, is admirably planned, soundly constructed, and thoroughly well finished, and contains some fine panelling; very complete outbuildings, stabling, coach-house, men's accommodation, etc.; the premises are lighted by electricity; beautiful and well-matured gardens and pleasure grounds; a capital home farm with house and steading; 6 cottages; hunting and golf accessible.—WALTON LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (22,351)

£1,250 WILL PURCHASE the above very attractive FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, 250 feet above sea level, CHARMING SURROUNDINGS, station 2¼ miles. Ashdown Forest and golf links 5 miles. Church, telegraph, and telephone 5 minutes; 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, etc.; pretty terraced gardens, orchard, and paddock, in all 2 acres; shed for pony; good water and drainage, and in first-class order. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,624)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant. — Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

REIGATE.—To be SOLD or LET, picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE, part built 1626, with beautiful gardens, tennis lawn, greenhouse, and small stabling; rural situation, ½ mile from station: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), oak-panelled reception rooms; modern drainage; Company's water; electric light; close to 3 golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,601)

BANKS OF THE THAMES.

IN A PARTICULARLY CHOICE POSITION, about 1 mile from Marlow Town and Station, and 1½ from Cookham Station on the Great Western Railway, whence London is reached in about three-quarters of an hour. TWO IDEAL FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTIES, one distinguished as THE MANOR HOUSE (see view above), a faithful copy by a celebrated architect of a Residence of the time of Henry VIII., substantially built of brick, with tiled roof and rough-cast exterior, situated on the summit of a ridge commanding beautiful views of the river, and containing, on two floors: vestibule, grand hall, 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fitted baths, and spacious domestic offices; modern drainage; Company's water; matured pleasure grounds, good kitchen garden, and a suitable complement of glass; 450ft. frontage to the river; large boathouse with tea-room over; stabling for 5 horses; several useful farm buildings and 4 excellent cottages.

The other Property, adjacent to the above, is

known as QUARRYWOOD COTTAGE, picturesquely situated at the foot of a hanging wood, and comprises the above most attractive gabled RESIDENCE, containing: entrance and staircase halls, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses, with 4 living rooms; capital boathouse; pretty terraced gardens and tennis lawn extending to the river, to which there is a frontage of about 500ft.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION on Tuesday, May 19, 1908, at the Mart, E.C., at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold privately), first as a whole, and if not so sold, in Two Lots. —Particulars of Messrs. BRAIKENRIDGE and EDWARDS, Solicitors, 16, Bartlett's Buildings, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

TO GOLFERS.—Sandwich and Deal Golf Links (near).—Price, 4,000 guineas (Rent, £175) for the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 17 acres: stabling for 8; 2 cottages; charming grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and meadowland; 12 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, conservatory, servants' hall; Company's water; a mile from station, 2 miles from the sea.—Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,422)

HERTS.—In a lovely district, 40 minutes from London, to be SOLD (or LET, Furnished), an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall and offices; gas and Company's water; ¾ mile from station. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS (near Walton Heath Golf Links).—To be LET, Unfurnished, CAPITAL COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, and 5½ acres of charming but inexpensive grounds; kitchen garden, orchard, and glasshouses; 1¼ miles from a station; magnificent views; 8 bed and dressing rooms; bath (h. and c.); 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4; coachman's rooms. Electric light, modern sanitation, and every convenience.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,612)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS (near Elstree). — Exceptionally attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 5 or 14 acres to be SOLD; 5 minutes' walk from station, ½ hour from London; carriage drive with lodge entrance: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, studio, and every convenience; stabling for 3; motor-house; well-timbered attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; main drainage; 300ft. above sea.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,591)

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL MARINE AND MOORLAND SCENERY.

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY (between; 1 mile from the coast, with good bathing, 2 miles from moors, 4½ miles from Scarborough). —For SALE, the above desirable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high, on gravel soil, with stabling, farmery, charming gardens, grounds, and meadowland, in all nearly 20 acres; first-class trout fishing on the Property: 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), large lounge hall suitable for full-sized billiard room, drawing and dining rooms, and offices; electric light; modern drainage and other conveniences; House could easily be added to if required. — Inspected and highly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,753)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

AT A VERY MODERATE FIGURE.

SURREY (within a few miles of Dorking).—To be SOLD, the above charming RESIDENCE, beautifully placed, well away from the road and motor dust. It is approached by a long avenue of limes, and stands in its own exceptionally well-timbered, tastefully laid-out grounds of about 16 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, greenhouses. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, morning room, drawing room, dining room, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling for 6 horses, 2 cottages; gas and water laid on. —Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 4,522)

44 ACRES. 9 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS. BILLIARD ROOM. STABLING.

SUSSEX (1 hour of London).—To be LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in lovely position, exceedingly pretty grounds, and well-timbered land of 44 acres; good stabling, motor-house; glasshouses; 2 cottages. Rent only £175.—Strongly recommended by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,353)

SHEEN WOOD, EAST SHEEN.

IN A QUIET SITUATION, within easy reach of the station, and a few minutes' walk from Richmond Park, Sheen Common, and Golf Links, and the Roehampton Polo Grounds: 6 bed, dressing, bath, square hall, 3 reception; stabling 2, cottage; charming garden of 1¼ acres.—Auctioneers' Office, Brompton Road, S.W.

A RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of between 1,500 and 2,000 acres for SALE in one of the favourite districts on a main line in the South of England. The mansion stands on the summit of a hill in a grandly timbered park of (say) 150 acres, and contains extensive accommodation and is surrounded by very attractive terraced grounds and gardens; the stabling is ample; home farmery and cottages; hunting facilities excellent and shooting first-class.—Full particulars of the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.); as above.

AT A GREATLY REDUCED FIGURE. INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

SURREY HILLS (300ft. above sea level, 17 miles from Victoria and London Bridge).—To be SOLD, this substantial and well-built picturesque RESIDENCE, containing hall, 2 large reception rooms, morning room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. It is most artistically decorated and conveniently arranged, pleasantly situated on a hill-side, facing due South; large lawn, rosery and shrubbery, extensive kitchen garden and shrubbery; in all about 1½ acres; stable, easily convertible into motor-house; excellent water supply.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 5,526)

BANKS OF THE THAMES, with excellent boat-house, landing-stage, etc.—Charming half-timbered HOUSE in beautiful situation: 15 bed, 3 bath, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; electric light; stabling, cottage, pretty grounds, rose garden, etc., etc. Freehold for SALE.—Owners Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOMERSET.—To be SOLD, beautifully placed RESIDENCE, with pretty grounds of 1½ acres, carriage drive, lodge: hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling; electric light; excellent hunting. Price £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,383)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

10 GUINEAS.—SURREY (30 minutes of City). —Old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lovely grounds of 3 acres; motor-house. (F 6,496)

BUCKS (in favourite part).—This charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, commanding lovely views, standing in shady grounds: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, housekeeper's room, etc.; stabling for 3. Furnished for summer. Inspected and strongly recommended. (F 4,567)

HERTS AND CAMBS. BORDERS. — Old-fashioned RESIDENCE in pretty grounds of 7 acres: 4 bed, bath, 2 reception; stabling 2; tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; partridge shooting can be rented.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,357)

RIVER FRONTAGE.

GORING (near).—For year or shorter period, well-placed RESIDENCE in pretty grounds of 9 acres: hall, drawing room (44ft. by 19ft. 6 in.), 2 other reception, 15 bed and dressing, bathroom, etc.; stabling.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,180)

25 GUINEAS.—SUSSEX (within few miles of coast): 14 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard; stabling; beautiful grounds; capital shooting. Photos. (F 5,913)

30 GUINEAS.—SUSSEX (**East Grinstead**): 17 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception, billiard; stabling; tastefully laid-out grounds; trout fishing; golf. (F 6,114)

35 GUINEAS.—In the lovely district between Dorking and Leatherhead: 20 bed, 3 bath, 4 reception, billiard; stabling; extensive grounds and park-lands; electric light. (F 5,759)

15 GUINEAS.—SURREY (on high ground): 12 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard; stabling; good tennis and croquet lawns. (F 5,984)

500 GUINEAS PER ANNUM (glorious views of the Solent): 13 bed, bath, 5 reception; stabling, motor pit; beautiful grounds, and park-lands. Would Let for Summer. (F 7,097)

15 GUINEAS.—NEW FOREST (1 mile from sea): 13 bed, 4 reception rooms; stabling; shady grounds, and park-lands. (F 6,727)

20 GUINEAS.—HERTS.—Charming old RESIDENCE, in beautiful grounds: 13 bed, bath, 4 reception, billiard room; stabling, etc. (F 7,394)

10 GUINEAS.—HERTS (in a favourite district): 8 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; tennis lawn, etc. (F 43)

25 GUINEAS.—BERKS (400ft. above sea).—14 bed, bath, 5 reception, billiard room; stabling; gardens and park. (F 7,326)

21 GUINEAS.—On the river (beautiful upper reach).—Charming RESIDENCE: 15 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; large grounds; boathouse. (F 5,180)

15 GUINEAS.—On the river (in favourite part): 8 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; long frontage; boathouse, etc. (F 4,006)

14 GUINEAS. — BERKS. — ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE in large grounds: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; tennis and croquet lawns, etc. (F 7,160)

5-12 GUINEAS.—On the Coast and in Devon, Cornwall, etc.—Several HOUSES of various sizes now available.

MESSRS. HARRODS will be pleased to forward full particulars of the above and of other Properties on receipt of requirements. Offices, Brompton Road, S.W.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE this charming RESIDENCE, situated in one of the prettiest parts of SURREY, 1 hour of London and 1 mile of station.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

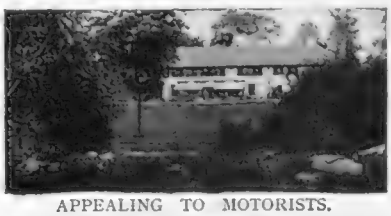
Well-timbered grounds of 1½ acres, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 2,099)

BUCKS (30 minutes of London).—To be LET, Unfurnished, exceedingly choice, small COUNTRY RESIDENCE; exceptionally pretty grounds, 4½ acres; tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, large orchard, paddock; lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling. Rent £90.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,423)

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

SURREY HILLS (1 hour of London).—To be SOLD, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, bath; 1 or more acres; water laid on; gravel soil; golf. Inspected and recommended.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 4,518)

NEAR 3 GOLF LINKS AND THE BROOKLANDS TRACK.



APPEALING TO MOTORISTS.

BYFLEET.—A most conveniently and well-placed RESIDENCE, known as "Mill Lane Cottage," in a pretty part between Weybridge and Byfleet: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; motor-house; very pretty grounds, unique and beautiful rosery, 2¾ acres.—Will be submitted to AUCTION, at a low reserve, in May, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,686)

HERTS (40 minutes of Town).—Conveniently placed RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, 9 bedrooms, bathrooms; 2¾ acres; tennis lawn; motor-house; electric light. Rent £132.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,349)

TAUNTON (9 miles from).—This handsome HOUSE, standing 400ft. above sea, in the midst of 150 acres, for SALE: 20 bed, bathrooms, beautiful billiard, and 5 reception rooms; pleasure grounds with abundance of oak and other timber, delightful walks, wide lawns, productive gardens, etc.; stabling; farmery; cottages etc.; hunting 4 days weekly; a little trout fishing.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd)., as above.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

Mr. F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT, 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

AMONG THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, this charming GOTHIC RESIDENCE, occupying a picturesque situation and enjoying enchanting views. It is expensively fitted, a feature being the handsomely carved pitch-pine woodwork. Approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge. The accommodation comprises: fine entrance hall leading to inner hall, handsome staircase, elegant drawing room with stone arch and marble pilasters, boudoir, dining room with fine ceiling, library, ample offices, servants' hall, butler's pantry, laundry and ironing room. Above are 15 bed and dressing rooms, large room admirably adapted for billiard room, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 8 horses, coach-house, 2 rooms over; the grounds are beautifully timbered, ornamental plantations with banks of rhododendrons, through which winds a trout stream crossed by a rustic bridge, tennis lawn, etc.; fruit and vegetable gardens, vineries, peach-houses, etc.; shooting over 1,500 acres may be rented. Rent and price on application.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,193)

HOMEY. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY (within a ¼ of a mile of the station, and 1½ miles of 2 golf links, standing 600ft. above sea level).—To be LET or SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 5 acres and containing: inner hall, with fireplace, drawing room, dining room, morning room. Approached by 2 staircases are 4 principal bedrooms and 2 dressing rooms, lavatory, and w.c., 2 secondary bedrooms, usual domestic offices; stabling and 2 coach-houses with 4 servants' rooms over; dog kennels and outbuildings. The grounds include some fine forest trees, lawns, flower beds, rosery, tennis lawn, grass orchard, paddock, well-stocked kitchen garden, heated greenhouse with vine; electric light installation; constant water supply.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,188)

KENT.
30 MINUTES FROM CITY AND WEST END.

A MOST CHARMING AND UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 8 acres, rarely to be met in so complete a form.
FOR SALE, FREEHOLD,
This RESIDENCE, which is erected in the Early English style, stands in delightful grounds of quite exceptional beauty. Is approached by a winding carriage drive, and contains:

BILLIARD ROOM.	9 BEST BEDROOMS.
MUSIC ROOM.	4 SERVANTS' ROOMS.
5 RECEPTION ROOMS.	3 DRESSING AND 2 BATHROOMS.
ELEGANT SQUARE HALL.	

LARGE STABLING, 2 COTTAGES, ETC.

The pleasure grounds include tennis lawn, bowling green, kitchen garden; flower and fruit gardens, etc. Farmery of 42 acres may be rented. Whole in perfect order.
Strongly recommended by the Agent, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,206)

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE RIVER SEASON.

WARGRAVE (with lawn and boathouse to the backwater).—A charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, standing high, and containing: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); large motor-house with pit, and man's room. Rent, 12 gns. weekly. (O 10)

HENLEY (near; with frontage to river).—An exceedingly picturesque RESIDENCE, artistically Furnished, and containing: 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; particularly attractive grounds. Rent, 10 gns. weekly, or £110 per annum on a 3 years' agreement, including rates and taxes. (O 168)

TAPLOW (with river frontage).—A charmingly Furnished and newly built RESIDENCE, overlooking Guards' Club, and containing: lounge hall, dining room, boudoir opening to balcony overlooking river, 4 bedrooms, bathroom; plate and linen by arrangement. Rent, 6 gns. per week. (O 169)

ABINGDON (near; within 5 minutes' walk of the river).—A beautiful old-world RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); motor garage; well-timbered grounds, with ornamental pond, pergolas, and roseries. Rent, 12 gns. a week. (O 7)

MAIDENHEAD (with long river frontage).—A handsomely Furnished RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 6, motor-house; charming old grounds, including tennis lawn. Rent, 50 gns. a week for the season. (O 4)

MAIDENHEAD (within 3 minutes of the river).—An artistically gabled RESIDENCE, surrounded by beautifully laid-out grounds, and containing: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling and motor garage. Rent, 25 gns. a week. (O 8)

3-8 GNS. WEEKLY. — MR. F. J. RONALD has also a number of Furnished HOUSES to be LET at the above rentals in close proximity to the river, and will be pleased to forward a selection upon application.

HENLEY (with lawn to river, and within a stone's throw of the Regatta course).—A charming RESIDENCE, standing in shady grounds, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.). Rent, 250 gns. for the month of July, including plate and linen and use of punt. (O 11)

SHIPLAKE (with river frontage). — For the month of July only, an artistic Bijou RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds, and contains: large studio, sitting room, dining room, 4 good bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices. Rent, 10 gns. per week, including use of newly upholstered punt. (O 322)

MARLOW (within 5 minutes of the river), occupying a delightful situation, with views over the Quarry Woods, containing 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, and usual offices; tennis lawn and meadow. Rent 2½ guineas weekly. (R 6,033)

HENLEY (within easy access of the river).—A varied selection of choice HOUSES available for the month of July, including the Olympian and Royal Regattas, at rentals from 4 guineas weekly and upwards.

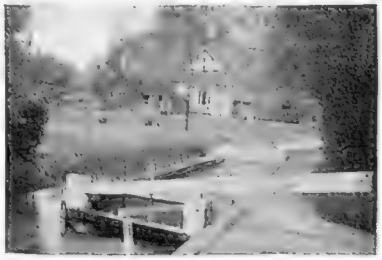
OLD WINDSOR, with grounds to river, a well-furnished RESIDENCE, standing in a lovely rose and flower garden, with an exceedingly pretty lime avenue, contains: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 4 and 4-roomed cottage. Rent, £20-25 a week, including gardener's wages. (O 2)

QUARRY WOODS, with boathouse, an attractive RESIDENCE, delightfully situated 140ft. immediately above the river, containing lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, usual offices; 3 acres of charming grounds with large tennis lawn. Rent 17 guineas a week. (O 164)

SHIPLAKE (with balcony overlooking the river).—An attractive and newly Furnished BUNGALOW, containing 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices. Rent 4-10 guineas weekly. (R 6,034)

ON THE SLOPES OF THE CHILTERNS (within 2 miles of the river).—For the summer months, or preferably on Lease, the above RESIDENCE, standing in delightful old grounds of 6 acres, which are specially attractive, having a brook intersecting the same. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, usual offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, and room for man over. Rent, 7 gns. a week for a term of 3 months, or £120 per annum on Lease.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (O 170)

MEDMENHAM. — A charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with modern additions, standing on gravel soil, 350ft. above sea level, and containing: old oak-panelled dining room, whitewood-panelled drawing room, smoking room, 2 large double-bedded rooms, 2 single ditto, and dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), and 2 servants' bedrooms; motor-house with pit; stabling obtainable; delightful old grounds. Rent, 12 gns. weekly from July to September, including gardener's wages and garden produce. (O 167)



ON ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE THAMES.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above charming PROPERTY, enjoying absolute privacy, and having a frontage of 150ft. to private stream, with direct access to the Thames. The House contains: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and an exceptional piazza; beamed ceilings and inglenooks; very pretty gardens.
Rent and price of Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (0,163)

ADJOINING RICHMOND OLD DEER PARK AND GOLF COURSE. — To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above picturesque Bijou RESIDENCE, standing in well-sheltered grounds, and well away from all motor traffic. Contains: 2 reception rooms, handsome staircase, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; Company's water; electric light; new drainage; very pretty and secluded garden. Rent, Furnished, £200 per annum.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,212)

A GREAT SACRIFICE.—HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a beautifully built and compact moderate-sized RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main line station, from whence London is reached in half an hour. The House stands in about 8 acres of charming pleasure grounds, and contains: pretty lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling and outbuildings. Photos can be seen.—Full particulars on application to Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNIQUE YACHTING RESIDENCE (within easy reach of London).—It comprises a pretty Residence, occupying a bright and cheerful situation, on sand soil, in 3 acres of heavily timbered grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, and 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; good stabling and cottage. Price low.—Full particulars of Box K 3,854, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY (near good golf links and not over the hour from Town), preferably an OLD HOUSE, in well-matured grounds of several acres; must stand fairly high: 8 to 12 bedrooms and at least 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 or 4 horses. Photos carefully returned.—Full particulars, "G.," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

30 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.—To be LET, Furnished, a charming old HOUSE, standing in a well-timbered park, and containing: 4 reception rooms and billiard room, 22 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 10 horses.—Particulars and photos of Box KF 896, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ABERGAVENNY.

FOR SALE, OR TO BE LET, a well-built HOUSE, in the Italian style, commanding beautiful mountain scenery, and standing in pleasure grounds of about an acre. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms; usual offices; stabling for 2. Golf; salmon and trout fishing.—Particulars of Box K 3,147, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE.—The Direct LEASE (about 22 years) of a commodious MANSION on the Howard de Walden Estate. The House has an extensive frontage, and contains: 11 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 drawing rooms, boudoir, dining, morning, smoking, and billiard rooms; stabling for 6 horses in the rear.—For full particulars as to price, etc., apply to Box K 6,591, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A SMALL COMPACT STUD FARM, near famous Downs, to be SOLD; 50 acres of grass and first-rate buildings, large up-to-date stabling, perfectly equipped, and excellent gentleman's Residence.—Full particulars of "H.J.," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, a charming DETACHED HOUSE with every modern convenience, electric light, and good garden, close to Ealing Station (G.W.Rly.). It contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall and billiard room.—Box K 7,911, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE LOW SUM OF £550 will BUY the LEASE of a charming RESIDENCE close to NORTH GATE, REGENT'S PARK. The House overlooks the Park, and contains: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses.—Box K 7,794, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE FREEHOLD WOULD BE SOLD of an attractive, compact HOUSE, close to Pembridge Square, Bayswater. It contains: 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, etc. The Residence, which is in the occupation of the owner, is in first-rate order; the electric light is installed, and the rooms are cheerful and bright. The low sum of £2,600 would be entertained.—Apply, in first intance, to Box K 7,932, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ONE OF THE BEST HOUSES IN WESTBOURNE TERRACE, fitted with a passenger lift and every convenience, may be PURCHASED for a ridiculously small sum. It contains: 12 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, and capital stabling for 4 horses. Ground rent only £10 per annum.—Apply to "Mortgagees," Box K 5,781, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO LET, a charming detached COTTAGE at Thames Ditton, 5 minutes from the river, and only 30 minutes from Town: 2 sitting rooms, square hall, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; these on two floors. Nice-sized garden, with tennis court; garden in excellent condition, having been well kept. Large motor-shed. This Cottage will be redecorated, etc., by owner, though it is in an excellent condition; present owner leaving only because it is too small for his requirements. Rent, £60 per annum, on three years' lease, and no premium will be asked of incoming tenant. Possession at half-quarter if desired. House, 1 minute from station.—Box "C. B.," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY, EPSOM.—FREEHOLD to be SOLD, about ¾ mile from 3 stations, whence London is reached in about 25 minutes. An exceedingly attractive and very artistic RESIDENCE, well placed in its own secluded grounds overlooking the Downs, away from all dust and noise. The House stands about 300ft. above sea level and about 100ft. back from road, and is well screened. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall (15ft. by 13ft.), drawing room (23ft. by 16ft.) with large oriel window, smoking room (16ft. by 16ft.) with conservatory (18ft. by 16ft.) adjoining, dining room (19ft. by 14ft.) with bay window, and first-rate offices, comprising large kitchen, scullery, servants' hall, pantry, larder, etc.; on the first floor are 5 very light and airy bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms, and on the second floor 4 large bedrooms, boxroom, linen, etc.; wine, beer, and coal cellars, and larder in basement; the whole of the rooms are fitted in a superior manner; the stable accommodation consists of 2 stalls and 2 loose boxes, with large harness room adjoining, and loft over; coach-house with large paved yard and covered washing place, and coachman's rooms, consisting of living room, scullery, w.c., and 2 bedrooms; the coach-house could be easily converted into motor garage; electric light, gas, main drainage and main water supply; the garden is artistically arranged, secluded, and contains full-sized tennis lawn and other lawns, flower garden, fruit pergola, and gravelled walks, large greenhouse, forcing house with heating chamber, potting shed, etc.; South aspect; golf on the Downs Links, or at Walton-on-the Hill, about 2 miles distant.—Further particulars of Messrs. J. HATCHARD-SMITH and SON, Architects, 41, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

SALCOMBE, SOUTH DEVON.—To LET, Furnished, "ST. ELMO": 3 good sitting rooms, large hall, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), kitchen, etc., servants' hall and 3 servants' bedrooms, good offices; large garden, tennis lawn; magnificent sea view over English Channel.—Apply, Mr. STUMBLES, Salcombe, South Devon.

YOUR HAIR NEEDS CARE.

Feed it, nourish it, soften it, preserve it, help it to grow by the regular use of

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

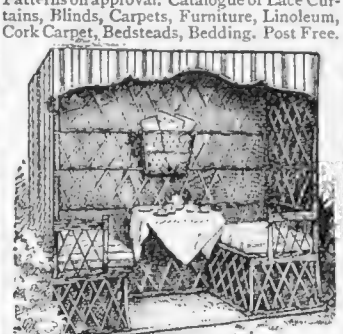
Don't trifle with new and untried remedies; use Rowland's Macassar Oil—only remedy for the hair that has stood the test of time. 3/6, 7/-, 10/-, of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND and SONS, 67, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Read

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

With new hemstitched frills, 3 yards long, 8/3 per pair. Plain frills, 6/9 per pair. Sample Book of Muslins sent on approval. Roman Carpets, Cretonnes, Tapestries, Dimities, Casement Curtains. Patterns on approval. Catalogue of Lace Curtains, Blinds, Carpets, Furniture, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Bedsteads, Bedding. Post Free.



THE BELVOIR WICKER ARBOUR. With let-down Flap Table, Basket for Books, Needlework, etc. Being light it is easily turned in any position. Shelters from wind and sun. Price, complete, in striped tick, £3 : 5. Shower-proof, £4 : 7 : 6.
Made to fold flat, 15s. extra.
Catalogue of Wicker Furniture Free.
GORRINGE & Co.,
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Velvet Grip
BOSTON GARTER

LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.
THE ACME OF COMFORT.
THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION.
Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.
Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.
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18, JERMYN STREET, S.W.

"Marich" TURKISH CIGARETTES.

By special appointment to H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES and the late DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
The Standard of Luxury in Smoking; made from the purest Turkish Tobacco. Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most Critical Tastes.
Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.
100, post free, 6/6. Sample 10 for 1/-
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PARIS: 29 & 31, Rue Tronchet. MANCHESTER: 10, Mosley Street.
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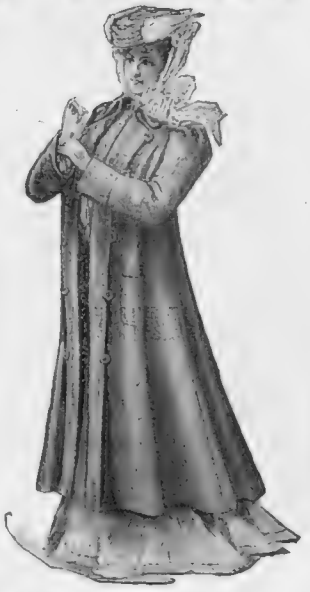
Wrap Coats

For Town, Country, and Travelling Wear in the "NEW NICOLL CLOTH."

Pure Wool.

WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT.

£2-12-6



A large selection of the above coats is always in stock, and can be sent on approval on receipt of London trade references. Measurements required—height, and size round chest

H. J. NICOLL & Co., Ltd. 114 to 120, Regent St., London, W.

'Allenburys' DIET

A complete milk and farinaceous food, easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

"Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each of Chemists, &c.

A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTES

THE ONLY

IMPORTED FROM TURKEY.

Prices per 100:—

SPECIAL	10/-	NAZIR	5/-
EN A'ALA	8/6	SELAM	3/6
YAKA	6/-	ASKER	2/6

Assorted Samples of 12 Cigarettes post free, on receipt of P.O. for 1/-

SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS.

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GOOD RIDING GOOD READING

The Rudge-Whitworth Art Catalogue (64 pages) for 1908 is now ready. It accurately describes 75 Models from **£3 15 6** to **£14 12 0**, and all the exclusive improvements including Variable Gears, Featherweight Roadsters, All-Steel Flush-Joint Frames, Patent Rust-Proof Celluloid Finish, the Sealed Certificate of Ten Years' Guarantee, and many other novelties. Post free from

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd. (Dept. 261) **COVENTRY.**

LONDON—230 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.; 23 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; 160 Regent St., W.

READ THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"

lilies and foliage, executed in shaded yellow silks and beads, on the skirt.

Two very distinctive features of the conception are provided respectively in an extremely deep tucker to the *décolletage*, and the long sleeves, these last, at the back, by virtue of their fulness, almost suggesting a cape effect. And that an important tale hangs by these elongated sleeves allied to a *décolleté* corsage there is no possible doubt, since they originate from the source of Paquin.

Their occurrence again is marked in a far simpler gown of *plissé* white voile, the skirt hemmed up with a wide band of white taffeta. The Paquin people call this the new sleeve, and, in a broad sense, this is true, since the deep armhole is a modern innovation.

A dream of a dinner-gown is a confection of mauve *crêpe de Chine*, veiled in chiffon and net of the same seductive hue, exquisitely embroidered in silver and dull rose-tinted silver tissue, with just a suspicion of *nattier* blue introduced on the corsage. Of the two manteaux worn, the most uncommon is fashioned of pale blue *souple* cloth, decorated with blue silk braiding, and a Napoleon collar of royal blue satin, thickly embroidered in gold. The paying of large Paquin dividends needs little explanation.

A Satin Revival

With *mousseline* taffeta still in the ascendant here, it is difficult to grasp fully the increasing importance of satin on the scenes in Paris. Satin *peau de soie*, a strangely contradictory title, is a recent advent from Paris, and makes well for the approved clinging aspect. The fancy with regard to this satin is to embroider it, inset it with *filets* and other laces, and generally break up the otherwise possible solidity.

A tailoring feature that has every surety of prominence is provided in a coatee, mounted on a bodice lining, with a view to dispensing with the accessory slip or blouse. A waistcoat and *jabot* serve to conclude this story with utmost circumspection, which is one that should find infinite favour as the warmer weather advances, always provided, of course, the craze for coats continues. And of that there seems every likelihood.

Then a discussion is arising in more quarters than one as to whether we shall take kindly to alpaca this summer. There is a new soft-finished mohair that tailors beautifully, and looks especially *chic* in white for the earlier race meetings.

Tussore Frocks for Children

For dainty individuality of thought, it would be impossible to surpass our original design, expressed in natural tussore, the pleats held down by a feather-stitching in brown silk. And the whole thing is so supremely simple, box-pleats, alternating with small single tucks, disposing of the fulness above the waist, which below expands in a splendid freedom, to which something is due to a clever shaping of the seams beneath the arms.

The turn-down collar has a tiny floral pattern embroidered, and all praise be to its clever inventor for providing sleeves to the wrist. For the useful and economical casement cloth this is a capital model, and it is quite suitable for children from six to nine years of age.

A Dainty and Original Frock for a Child

In natural tussore, the pleats held down by a feather-stitching in brown silk

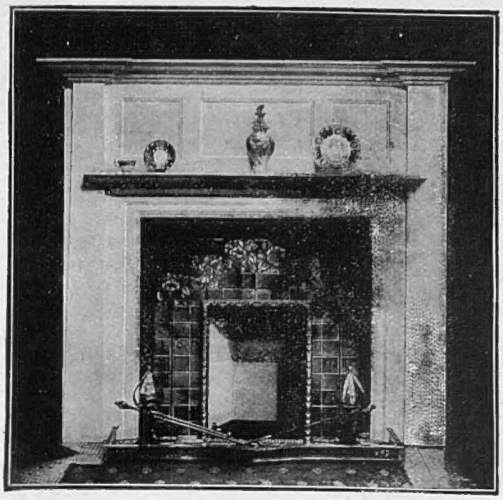
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

"Modes of the Month"

Thus the title of the Spring catalogue issued by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver. In view of its many contemporaries, it would be pleasant to find a word other than "catalogue" for this essentially artistic production, which has broken quite fresh ground, alike in size and pictorial expression. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver cannot be too heartily congratulated on being the first to insert the thin end of the wedge towards a production that attacks *La Mode* from an artistic standpoint. The conventional catalogue pictures we all know, and, truth to tell, are heartily weary of, whereas an issue such as we are discussing has not only an immediate value, but large potentialities of development in the future. A mention of The Bystander will secure a copy of this notable production, post free, from 170, Regent Street.

Royalty and the R.S.U.

The Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society, which, between them, have probably done more for the lifting up of the childhood of the nation than any other organisations, are receiving signal signs of Royal interest, for the Princess of Wales is, on Monday afternoon, May 4, attending a Young People's Demonstration at the Queen's Hall, in connection with the Hearts and Hands League, when she will receive purses. Both at this meeting, and at the Sixty-Fourth Annual Festival, to be held at six o'clock the same evening, the Marquis of Northampton will preside. At the evening function, Faithful Service Prizes will be presented by Lady Kirk, and among those who will speak will be the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir George White, M.P., the Rev. S. F. Collier, and Miss Jessie Ackermann. In the same connection I am very glad to see that a new edition of *John Kirk, the Children's Friend* (Partridge: 1s. 6d.), has been called for. This interesting little book, by Mr. J. Stuart, was, it will be remembered, first published in connection with the commemoration of Sir John's forty years' service with the R.S.U. This was before he received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty. Additional matter dealing with this, and also the remarkable meeting at the Mansion House, when the testimonial was presented, are fully dealt with in the new edition.



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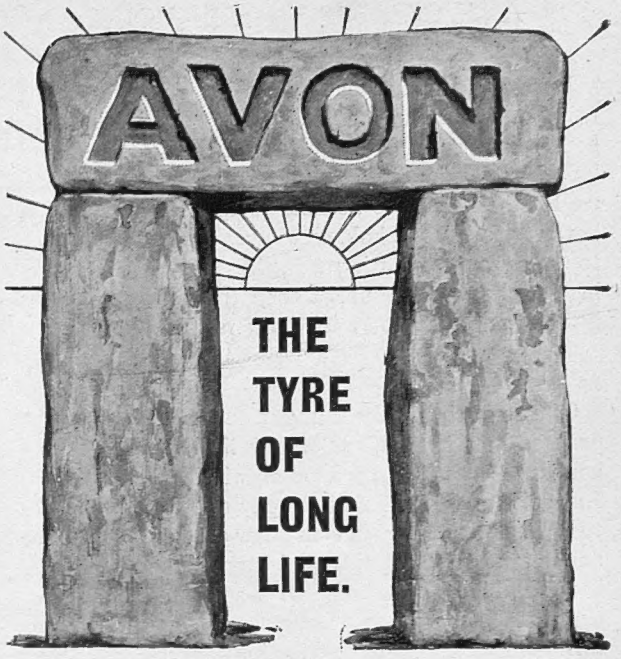

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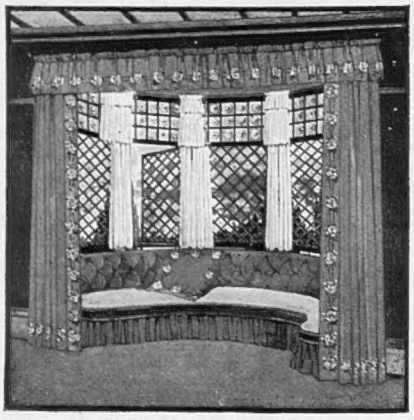

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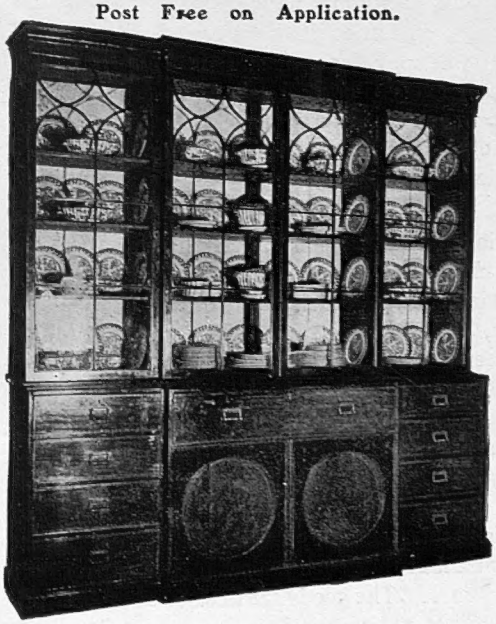

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A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Easter and the Sicilians

I read with amusement the other day that owing to their Easter custom of thoroughly cleansing their houses, some people are of opinion that the famous "Spring cleaning" arose among the Sicilians. If so, we Northerners have nothing to thank them for, for, however gaily household cares may present themselves to the easy-going Latin races, that same Spring cleaning has become a curse among the German peoples by reason of what I may call their mania for cleanliness.

The Secret of Domestic Happiness

Of course, cleanliness is a very good thing in its way, next to godliness, if we would listen to the time-honoured saying, and I have no wish to depreciate it. But when people cannot be happy unless they are able to make their household gods show absolute perfection, and having reached this find no time for happiness because it is the hour to begin all over again, then life has taken a wrong turn somewhere in conjunction with a curious crank of human nature. In these days of bad and scarce servants, such a stage of perfection can only be reached in any establishment by constant worry, and often work, for its mistress. I heard of a lady the other day who was ill, and diagnosed her own complaint as the result of the perpetual strain induced by anxiety lest her house were not sufficiently spotless and shining. There are many such housewives who positively revel in perfection, though they wear themselves out in attainment, multiplying duties and possessions recklessly, whereas the modern secret of a happy domestic state is to employ every time and labour-saving machine that ever was heard of, and to have as little superfluous property as possible.

Photo *Owers*

England's Youngest Mayoress

Miss Doris Foster, the Mayoress of Portsmouth, wearing her chain of office. As the Mayor is a widower, the position of Mayoress is held by his little daughter, who is not yet in her 'teens

Are Bazaars Wicked?

A violent attack upon bazaars has just been made in a church magazine. Those generally harmless entertainments, by which we endeavour to make a little money, and get a good deal of fun, being severely characterised under the title "A Religious Swindle." There are some people who are always inclined to take things too seriously. Bazaars are not meant to be taken seriously, though if they were really as wicked as they sound in this article, I admit that the aspect would be a grave one. With regard to the stock objection that the buyers invariably get cheated, I do not think that such abuses occur nearly so often in these days. The goods are marked at a fairer price, change is not refused, and there are none of the really mean tricks of bygone fashion; but it must also be remembered that, even when those practices were in vogue, they were so well-known that the frequenters of such sales visited the entertainments with their eyes open, while those who could not afford to be cheated stayed at home.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU

SOME TEMPTING ENTRÉES EASY TO MAKE

To Lard Fillets or Cutlets

Cut some strips of fat bacon of a size to fit into the large end of the larding needle. Push the point of the needle into the meat (holding the other end firmly) about one and a half inches deep, and bring out the point about two inches away, draw it through, leaving a piece of bacon at each end; take the next piece through about one inch apart, and so on. Trim the ends of the bacon evenly.

Cutlets Sautes

Have ready a well-buttered sauté or frying-pan, lay the cutlets in this, taking care not to let them touch one another, pour a little wine or stock over them, season with pepper and salt, cover with a buttered paper, place the pan on a clear fire, turn occasionally. They may be cooked in a buttered tin in the oven, but in this case they require more stock, should be covered with a buttered paper, and care must be taken to prevent them being dried up. Serve on a purée of any kind of vegetable.

Oyster Patties

Make some puff paste, roll it out very thin, line some little dariole moulds with it, fill them with barley or rice to keep their shape, bake them in a brisk oven till cooked. Crush some vermicelli on a board with a rolling-pin, turn out the pastry cases from the mould, brush them over with white of egg, and roll them in the vermicelli. Take out the rice and fill in an oyster mixture made of oysters and button mushrooms (two oysters to one small mushroom), all cut into dice. Warm them in a little white sauce to which a little anchovy sauce and lemon-juice have been added. Make some little paste handles to imitate baskets, and put them across; cover the top with fried parsley, and serve hot.

Sweetbreads in Cases

Blanch, trim, and braise two sweetbreads. When done, drain and place them on a dish, cover them with d'Uxelles sauce as soon as cold. Fold each sweetbread in two very thin slices of ham, and wrap them up very carefully in oiled sheets of paper. Broil on the gridiron, and when a good colour serve them.

SAUCE D'UXELLES.—Take two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms, one ditto of chopped parsley, the same quantity of chopped shallots, a head of garlic, a little scraped bacon, a bay-leaf, a pinch of mixed spice, salt and pepper. Warm up in butter, moisten with white wine, reduce it and pass it through a sieve. Stir into it a little white thickening, and it is ready for use. This sauce is very good for chicken or game entrées.

Chicken à la Suisse

Cut the remains of a cold chicken into neat joints. Salt and pepper these, and sprinkle over them finely chopped onion and parsley. Cover them with oil, and squeeze over them the juice of a lemon. Let them remain till they have imbibed the flavour, then dip the pieces in a batter made of 4oz. of flour with as much milk added as will make a stiff batter. Stir into it half a wine-glassful of brandy and an egg, the white and yolk beaten to a froth. This batter should stay for an hour before using. Fry the pieces of chicken in this batter, and send it up piled high on a dish, garnished with fried parsley.

EMILIA.

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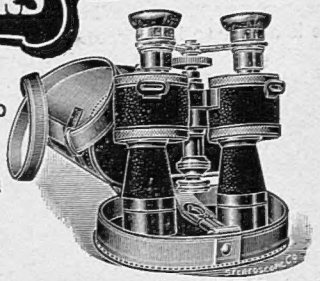

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The Editor's Box

Geo. Wright and Co.

Mr. Justice Neville has sanctioned the sale of the business of Geo. Wright and Co., Ltd., billiard-table makers to H.M. the King and H.R.H. Prince of Wales (for many years at Westminster Bridge Road), which will be continued at the large and spacious premises known as Argyll Hall, 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W., and a new company of similar style and title is about to be registered.

Where Oxford Marmalade Comes From: Messrs. Cooper's Up-to-date Factory in the 'Varsity City

Oxford Table Delicacies

From time immemorial Oxford has been renowned for certain celebrated table delicacies. At one time its brawn, boar's head, and sausages held the field against all comers. Of late years, the skill and enterprise of three generations of the house of Cooper have made Oxford marmalade famous in every part of the globe. Not only is Oxford marmalade so delicious and so appetising that those who once try it can never eat any other sort, but it forms a tonic of the most wholesome as well as of the most invigorating and delightful description. While sweets of an inferior kind are strictly forbidden during training, the athlete not only consumes Oxford marmalade with impunity, but feels all the better and all the stronger for so doing. The popular Oxford firm are, at the present moment, doing for other kinds of jams, jellies, and bottled fruits what they have already accomplished for marmalade, and several new delicacies of this redoubtable firm's manufacture will, in the near future, grace our tables.

For Spring Holidays

Lyme Regis is an ideal spot in which to spend a holiday, and especially an early holiday. For here, at this uncertain time of the year, when, in most places, one is shivering in cold north-easterly winds, one can lie protected on the cliffs and bask in the warm sunshine. The cliffs to the west of the town are most beautiful, and just now are carpeted for some miles with wild primroses and violets, and a little later on will be one mass of wild iris blooms. Then there is the charm of the old-world town, with its ancient cob which has stood the buffeting of the waves for over a century. The South Western Railway Company run an excellent train service to this charming place. The trains are corridor, and lack nothing in comfort, and most of them have restaurant cars attached.

The Franco-British Exhibition

Waring and Gillow are erecting pavilions at the Franco-British Exhibition for the following important firms of exhibitors: Lipton's, Bovril, Atkinson's, Muratti's, and the *Daily Telegraph*. The architects for Muratti's are Messrs. Fulton, and for the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Reginald Blomfield. In the other three cases, Waring and Gillow are the architects as well as the builders and decorators.

Cheap Seats at the Theatre

In "Playhouses" Miss Lena Ashwell was given as the pioneer of the cheap seat movement. Although Miss Ashwell has done much in this and other directions for the playgoing public, it is not, of course, correct to say that she is the first to deal with the cheap seat question. The credit for this is due to the Lyceum management, who introduced the system so long ago as March of last year, with great success.

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BROADWAY, New Cross: *A Country Girl*. 196 Deptford.

CAMDEN: Closed.

CORONET, Notting Hill: *Betsy*. 1273 Ken.

CROWN, Peckham: *The Lights o' London*. 412 Hop.

GRAND, Croydon: *The Merry Widow*. 12 Croydon.

CRYSTAL PALACE: *Our Boys* and *Dorothy*.

DALSTON: *Swiss Express*. 1871 Dalston.

FULHAM: *The Village Blacksmith*. 376 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *Woman and Wine*. 1003 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: *John Glayde's Honour*. 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *A Royal Divorce*. 131 North.

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: Revival of *Cinderella*. Miss Gay Silvani as Cinderella.

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